

THE LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 419.—VOL. XVII.]

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1868.

[PRICE 4d.
Stamped, 5d.]

The Interregnum.

The House of Lords and the Boundary Bill.

Mr. Spurgeon and the Bishop of Oxford.

The Labour Question.

Turf Entomology.

Dr. Newman against Novel Reading.

Samuel Lover.

The Value of Accidents.

Mild Fascinations.

SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

FINE ARTS:—

Royal Academy Exhibition—(Eighth Notice).

Music.

Musical Publications.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

Selden's "Table Talk."

Canada.

Dead-Sea Fruit.

Early London Annals.

Crowned.

Reunion of the Churches.

Out of Charity.

Short Notices.

List of New Publications for the Week.

THE INTERREGNUM.

CONSIDERING the great number of years it must take to bring any scheme of national education to bear upon the fitness of the lower classes of voters for the exercise of such political power as voting confers, it was quite amusing after the passing of the new Reform Bill to notice some of the printed and other talk about educating the people. It was not very much less amusing to observe the off-hand way in which it was assumed that the coming Parliament would be a considerably more democratic Parliament than the present. In a former article we hinted that there was no reason for assuming anything of the kind, and in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. John Morley has said the same thing:—"The plain truth is, that the first Parliament under the new Act will not be the Parliament of the new constituencies at all." Certainly not. "The nation is deeply dissatisfied with the present Parliament. They are expecting all things from the next. What if, as is most likely, the next should be the worse of the two?" We think it very probable that it will be the worse of the two. There does not seem the remotest probability that men fit to deal with the questions of the hour will be returned in any considerable number, and there does seem, as Mr. Morley adds, a probability that some of the better men who are now in the House may be turned out of it in the coming elections. This was the ground of our own appeal to the Liberal constituencies to make serious efforts to infuse a *little* new blood—it was only too certain to be but a little—into the new Parliament. But the fact is that Liberal opinion is in a stage of transition; what there is of it is ill-consolidated; the masses of so-called Liberals have been staggered of late years by finding some of their old shibboleths flouted and others put to new uses, and they are scarcely ready for united and vigorous action. If you are being annoyed by a dog, you are to put your head between your legs and advance upon him backwards. The terrified animal immediately becomes demoralized, and loses his usual sanity and co-ordinating power. Nobody knows this trick better than Mr. Disraeli; it is just the way in which he has served the Liberal party, and they have not yet recovered from the shock. Then we have Mr. Coventry Patmore weeping over what the "false English nobles with their Jew" have done, while Mr. Disraeli is winking over his boiled tulip, and the clergy are everywhere stirring up their "flocks," especially the ewes among them, to resist by every constitutional means the proposal to disestablish the Irish Church. Mr. Morley says, and we entirely agree with him, that "there seems to be some danger of our underrating the amount of reactionary and obstructive force which may be developed in the course of the present struggle on this question." There is no doubt that the amount of reactionary force employed will be something enormous, and we can add to what Mr. Morley tells us of Episcopalians, that large numbers of Protestant Dissenters will be so wrought upon—and, indeed, are so wrought upon—by the No Popery cry, that they will join in opposing the disestablishment. Mr. Morley at the close of his article suggests that the prospect before us is even not without some elements of danger. With "a worn-out aristocracy," an incompetent House of Commons, and "a rich middle-class without courage or a policy," where shall we find

ourselves if trade should continue bad or get worse, work be scarce, and wages low? In that case, Mr. Morley thinks that "the peaceful and orderly solution to which all good men are looking might be seriously hindered."

It seems to us that there never was a time when people in general cared less for politics in the old loose sense of the word than they do now. There was even some truth in the statements which used to be made about a year ago, that the working classes were being ridden for purposes of agitation, that they had no self-originated passion on the subject of votes, and that the question of the extension of the suffrage might have slept for a great many years to come, if it had not been violently whipped up. Even as it was, the agitation lacked the usual tokens of popular enthusiasm—in spite of Hyde-park, Trafalgar-square, and the Agricultural Hall. One reason of this we believe to be that the working classes, and some other classes too, have not the faith which they once had in the results of political flank movements executed under the guidance of such leaders as they have a chance of returning to Parliament. They are penetrated, like the rest of us, with high imperial ideas and social questions, and they feel, vaguely, but forcibly enough to make "politics" less interesting to them, that we have not yet got at the way of *charging* the Legislature with the best public opinion on subjects of national well-being. Great as is such a question as that of the Irish Church, and imminent as it is, we may be said to have arrived at a political interregnum, and, indeed, at an interregnum which is much more than political. The chief reason we should have to urge against the validity of the apprehensions with which Mr. Morley closes his paper, is that we believe the better working classes have a keen sense of this. And, for our part, we should certainly deprecate any further *political* agitation in their direct interest for some time hence. It is all very well, as Mr. Stausfeld did at St. James's Hall, the other day, to call upon them to "come in and take their places within the pale of the Constitution;" but will they come when you do call for them? We doubt it; and we more than doubt their preparedness to be called from their vasty deep. Unquestionably, however, their advent to power is a thing not distant; and that idea is one of those which, by their agitating effects—for ideas take time to ferment—appear to us to keep politics, in the old meaning of the word, in some real suspense in the midst of some superficial activity. The same thing might be stated in another way, by saying that though it may appear absurd, on the eve of a general election, to talk of political inactivity, the political opinion proper which is efficient at this time is not deep, sincere opinion, consciously or even certainly affiliated to principles. There is, for instance, at the present day, no obvious political idea which is held with anything like the certainty, the *workable* certainty, with which the idea of Free Trade or the idea of Non-intervention was once grasped.

There are three subjects which float about in men's minds and more or less colour all their political thinking at present. First, the position of England among the peoples as a naval and military and manufacturing power; then national culture; next, the advent of the working-classes to direct political power. There is something very entertaining about some people's jealousy of the progress of other countries. It is evidently a surprise to them that America should go ahead, that France

should go ahead, that Germany should go ahead. But what on earth did they expect? Let us, in England, strain every fibre to do our best, but let us continue not to know when we are beaten, and do not let us have these cowardly alarms. It is possible to keep a sharp eye upon Canada and the West Indian islands, upon the movements of France, upon the Russo-Indian question, and upon the direct manufacturing competition of other countries, without forgetting that the history of a nation cannot be carried on without fluctuations. Not that the question of manufacturing competition is unimportant. The report of Mr. Samuelson's Committee, which has just concluded its sittings, will make generally known certain facts in this relation which have hitherto been generally known only in trade circles; and by all means let us heed them. But a mother might as well be jealous of her growing daughters as England of other nations. A few seconds of thought spent upon the great historic cycles, and especially upon our own history, might teach us better manners in the face of the thousand centuries which look down upon us.

Nearly allied to this topic (upon which there is a volume to say, with a bit of a column to put it in) is the topic of Culture. Mr. Matthew Arnold has by his writings given a somewhat peculiar meaning to this word; but we beg that it may stand here for scientific specialization deriving from scientific first principles. The tendency, which, in the walk of the artisan, is called nakedly the tendency to subdivision of labour, becomes, passing upwards, a subdivision of skill. The tendency of the times is to specialize in culture; to subdivide the great army of human effort into divisions of experts, and yet to recognise the solidarity of all this by insisting on a common basis of culture. We dare to affirm that no class is more deeply penetrated with this idea than the better portion of the working class of these islands; and that the extent to which this idea is filling their minds and revealing to them new springs of power over their own condition, and new resources of self-assertion, in presence of the forces which seem almost to crush them (the mere subdivision of labour being one), is one reason of the political reticence which, in spite of the efforts to lash them up, has, we maintain, come over the working classes. If Mr. Morley's "worn-out aristocracy" (we rather think he overrates its exhaustion!) were wise, it would be here, and not in the voting-power of the artisan, that they would perceive the uprising of a new danger to privilege. This, again, is a topic which there is only space to indicate, not to pursue.

With regard to the advent of the working classes to power—the third point upon our list—we must be, in proportion to the greatness of the topic, still more brief. While general and scientific culture, as well as habits of self-restraint, have been increasing among the working classes for years, it is notorious that their alienation from every form of religious belief (which would usually take that name) has been increasing also. We have all of us overlooked the fact, discerned by Comte, and plentifully worked by Comtists, that the pursuits of the working man incline him to what are called positive modes of thought. The sailor is religious, and even superstitious; the engineer or average mechanic inclines to irreligion because his pursuit is one in which he has chiefly to deal with *calculable* results (not like a storm at sea or an ocean mirage). The working man has also, by the instinct of his vocation, a quick sense of the value of force, the methods of applying it, and, above all, of the uses of organization. In great workshops he learns something, and occasionally betters the instruction. Now, let any man read the very recent paper by Mr. Frederic Harrison in the *Fortnightly Review*, on the "Transit of Power;" the paper by Mr. John Morley from which we have quoted (Mr. Morley has disclaimed the title of Comtist, but practically he is one); next let him glance at the later writings of Comte himself, and recall the history of working-class opinion during the last fifteen years; and then, if he is asked who will be master of the coming situation, he will be compelled to answer—Auguste Comte. For the "conspiracy of silence," of which he complained during his life in France, he is avenged in England after his death. The secular Comtists, said Mr. Walter Bagehot, in the same number of the *Fortnightly Review* in which Mr. Harrison's powerful paper appeared, want to bring about a despotism of the proletariat. We add—and they have heavy odds in their favour. The working classes never before had such men ready to step forward and lend them the *prestige* of their names, their abilities, and their acquirements. Among intelligent artisans the Man of Science is looked up to with somewhat of the awe which once attended the priest; and Professor Tyndall, Professor Huxley, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Professor Beesly, and Mr. John Morley are all working-men's men. Meanwhile, let

thoughtful men carefully scrutinize the essay by Mr. Harrison and the essay by Mr. Morley to which we have been referring, and note the undisguised manner in which what we may call the argument from number-power is put.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE BOUNDARY BILL.

THE dignified serenity of the House of Lords has been disturbed during the past week by more than one scene of unusual warmth, and by the free interchange of imputations and epithets which are seldom heard in that polite assembly. Well might the Marquis of Salisbury declare that he found it warmer work than in the House of Commons when he heard such expressions as "contemptible," "trumpery," and "falsehood" bandied about; when noble lords on one side were accused of acting in a "childish" manner, while noble lords on the other were taunted with attempting something like a fraud; and when a member of the Government was found asking the House to decide whether the Prime Minister had told a lie. But although this kind of thing may rather interfere with an ideal estimate of a peer as a being almost approaching a London footman in his magnificent calmness, and his imperturbable indifference to the ordinary affairs and the common interests of life, we are inclined, for our own part, to welcome it as an indication that there is a little more vitality and a warmer current of political blood in the Upper House than the gentlemanly languor of their usual proceedings had led us to suppose. The principal occasion of these manifestations of feeling was undoubtedly one well calculated to call them forth. Such toleration as has been extended to the Government in the House of Commons during the last two sessions has only been conceded to them on the tacit understanding that they should bow to the decision of the majority on all important questions, and should permit the Liberals to exercise in opposition very much the same power which they would possess if they were in their rightful place, on the other side of the Speaker's chair. But it is clear that that understanding would be violated, and that the influence of the House of Commons would be reduced to a minimum, if the Ministers were allowed to use their strength in the House of Lords to make up for their weakness in the representative branch of the Legislature, and to override by a vote of the former House the decision of a majority of the latter. That, however, was evidently the strategic movement which they contemplated when they instigated their faithful follower, the Earl of Beauchamp, to move an amendment on the Boundary Bill, which would have undone all that the House of Commons had done after the fullest deliberation. The temptation, we admit, was strong. Such a rectification of the boundaries of our largest boroughs as would eliminate the influence of the town voters from some of the most important counties was the only one remaining out of the many compensations or counterpoises by which Mr. Disraeli had reconciled his party to the establishment of a household democracy. Let that be swept away, and the fact could no longer be disguised that the Reform Act of last year was a pure and simple extension of popular power. We do not, therefore, wonder that the Government should have done their best to uphold the report of the Boundary Commissioners, which, in a great measure, carried out their views. It was quite open to them to struggle against the report of the Select Committee by which the most important recommendations of the Commission were rejected. But when the House affirmed the decision of their Committee it was high time that the struggle should cease; and we think that the Opposition are perfectly warranted in asserting that Mr. Disraeli did promise that it should cease, and that the attempted revival of the question in the House of Lords was a distinct breach of the spirit, if not of the letter, of his engagement.

The facts of the case are extremely short and simple. On the 15th of last month the Premier—in the course of a general statement with reference to the time at the disposal of Parliament, to the possibilities of legislation during the remainder of the session, and especially to the prospect of carrying through a Registration Bill in time to have a general election in December—made use of these words:—"Now, the Scotch Reform Bill and the Boundary Bill, although they have not yet left this House, may be considered as virtually settled." At the time this declaration was made it was generally understood to mean that they had accepted the defeat on the Boundary Bill as they had accepted so many other defeats, and that if they could not carry out their own views they were ready to carry out those of their opponents. The Ministerial Peers, however, asserted, and Mr. Disraeli indorses their assertion, that this statement

merely applied to the passage of the Bill through the Commons. But the fallacy of such an interpretation of the Premier's statement is evident from the obvious consideration that a measure could not be "settled" so far as the House of Commons is concerned—it could not be regarded as out of the way of other legislation—above all, it could not be considered as having so far assumed a definite and final form as to become the basis of a Registration Bill—if it was intended to alter its main provisions in the House of Lords in such a manner that it must, when sent back to the Lower House, give rise to prolonged and exciting discussions. Unless it was meant to allow it to pass without opposition through the House of Lords, nothing was settled, even so far as the other branch of the Legislature was concerned, and the words of the Premier were nothing but a delusion, a mockery, and a snare. It is not agreeable to entertain any doubt on such a point; but we cannot help entertaining some misgivings as to the perfect sincerity of the eagerness with which the head of the Government ostensibly looks forward to a dissolution in the month of November. It is a rather suspicious circumstance that during last week rumours were very rife as to combinations to throw out or to mutilate the Registration Bill, and that when it was brought on it was vehemently opposed by some of the steadiest supporters of the Administration. It is rather strange that on the critical evening which was to decide its fate it appeared, in the first instance, very low down on the list of Government orders, and that it had to be subsequently transposed to a place which admitted of its receiving a fair consideration, on the motion of the Home Secretary. Mr. Hardy, we admit, urged it forward; but one may be pardoned for doubting whether Mr. Disraeli would have exhibited an equal amount of resolution if the signals displayed on his side of the House had been answered on the other. That doubt is certainly strengthened when we find members of the Government supporting in the Lords an amendment which must have been fatal to any chance of an election before January next. It is all very well for the Earl of Malmesbury and the Lord Chancellor to make a merit of inducing Lord Beauchamp to withdraw his amendment on last Monday evening, because if carried it would have been fatal to the Registration Bill; but it is plain that it would have been equally fatal to that measure if it had been agreed to on the previous Friday, when they gave it an energetic support. It would have been perfectly impossible in either case to have got through the debate in the Commons on the Lords' amendments, and then the final discussion in the Lords upon the decision of the Commons, in time for the Royal assent to be given to the Boundary Bill on the 13th inst.; and we have the express authority of Lord Cairns for saying that if any further delay had taken place it would have been impossible to carry out the measures for accelerating the registration. It is odd, to say the least of it, that so simple a calculation of dates should have been overlooked by the Government, until it became certain that it could not be overlooked by the country. It is not usual for people whose consciences are quite void of reproach to shrink from a line of action because they are allowed to pursue it without opposition. And, without being unduly suspicious, one is certainly disposed to place more confidence in men who act fairly *before*, than in those who only so act *after*, the right road has been pointed out to them in an emphatic, not to say an imperative manner.

Lord Derby was very angry with the Liberal Peers because they declined to withdraw the imputations which they had cast upon the Government during the brief but hot discussion which preceded the "secession" of the former from the House on Thursday night. But it is difficult to see how they could have done so without admitting that they had themselves been guilty not only of grave injustice, but—to use Lord Malmesbury's elegant expression—of childish conduct on that occasion. Lord Granville on a subsequent evening went quite as far as the facts before us warrant in acquitting his noble friends opposite of any intentional unfairness. But, although one may always find a charitable excuse for the misdeeds of the Lord Privy Seal and the dukes, there are other members of the Government whom we cannot so easily forgive, on the ground that they know not what they do. We cannot forget the complicated manoeuvres, the indirect strategy, the ingenious "dodges" which have formed so conspicuous and, we must add, so novel a feature in the political history of the last two years. Nor can we help thinking that there is something more than accident in the singular fate which constantly gives a certain colour of sharp practice to the conduct of the Government. It would be carrying good nature to the verge of weakness to pass over every awkward-looking transaction with the easy-going verdict that "somebody has blundered." The Opposition Peers—and in

this most people will agree with them—came deliberately to the conclusion that if there was a mistake, it was the mistake of not keeping faith with Parliament. Under that impression, they adopted the unusual, but in this case the quite justifiable, step of leaving their places, and refusing to sanction, even by their presence, a transaction of so objectionable a character. And they would certainly have displayed great weakness if, after the soundness of their objections and the justice of their comments had been virtually admitted by the Government, they had whitewashed their opponents at their own expense. The Earl of Beauchamp accused them of throwing mud at the Government, in the hope that some of it at least would stick. But although we think it quite likely that the noble lord's apprehensions on this point will be realized, we do not at all go along with him in attributing blame in the quarter to which he would assign it. It is one of the unfortunate results of a two years' tenure of office by a Government in a minority that the old habits of fair and direct party warfare should have been exchanged for the tricky devices of personal intrigue and private "management." If the tone of English political life is to be restored—if its atmosphere is to be cleared—this can only be done by recurring to a greater extent than we have in recent times found necessary to the old practice of calling a spade a spade.

MR. SPURGEON AND THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

MR. SPURGEON and the Bishop of Oxford are at logger-heads about a letter of the former and a speech of the latter; and we may as well say at once that the Bishop is in the wrong. It may be owing to the necessity of his position that Dr. Wilberforce is occasionally chargeable with a want of directness which might be designated with more truth than politeness; but the occasion on which he gave cause of offence to Mr. Spurgeon was one calculated to try the candour even of a bishop. He was speaking in the House of Lords on the Irish Church question, in opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Suspensory Bill, and in support of the Irish Church Establishment. Much allowance was therefore to be made for him, and we do not think that Mr. Spurgeon has been as charitable to the Bishop as he might have been. Charity is not, perhaps, to be expected from a popular Dissenting minister towards a bishop who has turned him into ridicule. But the Bishop's difficulties deserved consideration. He had to argue, in spite of what we must suppose to be his convictions, not as a bishop, but as a rational man, that it is not only just, but laudable, that one-sixth of the people of Ireland should be regarded, in the eyes of the State, as representing the religion of the whole people, and should monopolize its endowments to the exclusion of the rest of the population, Catholic and Protestant, with the exception of the Regium Donum and the Maynooth Grant. To do that, he performed some extraordinary rhetorical feats. One of these was the assertion that St. Patrick was—not a Protestant, as some advocates on the same side have contended, but what in these days we call a High Churchman. Considering that some antiquarians have doubted whether there ever was such a person, we cannot but admire the charming audacity with which Dr. Wilberforce claims him as a brother clergyman, and the precision with which he states that "both his father and grandfather were married clergymen." It is safe to assert boldly upon the personal history of a character of whom so little is known, that it might be as difficult of disproof if one were to say that St. Patrick was a Baptist, or a Mohammedan, or that some of his lost writings anticipated Dr. Colenso's views with regard to the Bible. Unfortunately for the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Spurgeon is not yet a character whose outline has been lost in the haze of a remote antiquity. He is, like the Bishop himself, a living entity, and as potent in his line of theology as Dr. Wilberforce in his. It was therefore by no means so safe for the Bishop to ridicule Mr. Spurgeon as to define St. Patrick's tenets. But this task he undertook amid the "great laughter and cheering" of the House of Lords.

Whatever Mr. Spurgeon's failings may be, he is a thoroughly outspoken man. He delivers his message with no uncertain sound, and he is one of the last men to whom the term "trimmer"—sometimes applicable to ecclesiastical personages—could be fairly applied. When he was asked some time ago to attend a meeting to promote the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, he wrote to say that it was in no spirit of opposition to the Irish Church that he urged the House of Commons to pass Mr. Gladstone's resolutions, but in the belief that it would fare better upon the voluntary system than on unjust endowment. This is the statement with which the

Bishop falls foul. Mr. Spurgeon asserted that the Irish clergy were among the best of the Episcopal clergy, and the most zealous defenders of Evangelical truth. Dr. Wilberforce fastened upon this admission, and observed that "it was the best of the clergy that were to be the first to be favoured with the great blessing of disendowment." This caused immense merriment in the House, and so the Lords cheered when Dr. Wilberforce proceeded in this strain:—"Mr. Spurgeon, your lordships see, treats the Irish clergy with great tenderness,—he is most anxious for their welfare,—he follows the advice of Izaak Walton, to treat the frog tenderly, as though he loved him, for so he would live the longer when he was put upon the hook." All this time the Bishop knew that he could catch the Dissenter on the hip. Mr. Spurgeon was to be condemned out of his own mouth. In his epistle to the chairman of the meeting he maintained that if the Irish clergy would try the voluntary system they would find—as the Bishop translated Mr. Spurgeon's letter—"how grandly the giant Voluntaryism would draw the car of the Church when it was freed from the pitiful dwarf of State support." But the vigilant Bishop had found out that Mr. Spurgeon had written another letter. "It was an epistle," said Dr. Wilberforce, "to the members of Baptist churches, and it stated that an exceeding great and grievous cry had gone up to Heaven, which was wrung from poor and faithful ministers, against niggardly churches; that hundreds of them would have improved their circumstances if they had followed the most ordinary callings; that the earnings of artisans were far above those of many ministers whom the churches deemed to be comfortably placed; and that he was frequently asked to send out students to congregations where it was thought liberal to offer a salary of £40 a year. Now, my lords," continued Dr. Wilberforce, "it is because I, for my part, do not want to see the Church of Ireland . . . reduced to salaries of £40 a year that I will not trust the specious argument of voluntaryism."

The opportunity for this retort was tempting; but even had it been successful as against Mr. Spurgeon, it ought not to have been made by the Bishop of an Apostolical Church. The old woman who prayed that God might reward her piety with an income of four hundred a year, payable quarterly, was probably an uninstructed Christian, not related to bishops, and probably not arrived at the dignity of pew-opener. Her prayer does not surprise us. But we confess we are startled at the sight of an Apostolic bishop revolting with a sense of horror from Apostolic poverty. The Bishop, however, has no reason to crow over Mr. Spurgeon. What the mighty Dissenter could not say in the House of Lords, not being a bishop, he has been allowed to say in the leader page of the *Times*, and in leader type. His retort upon the Bishop has all the sting of unwelcome truth. "If," he says, "the Bishop of Oxford, after having, in such a becoming manner, with such solid reasoning, defended the union of Church and State, should nevertheless be found at some future day pleading for starving curates, or even preaching for the excellent society which relieves distressed clerks in Holy Orders with pecuniary grants and bundles of cast-off clothing; or if we should hear him deploring that a clergyman should, according to advertisement in the *Rock*, be subsisting upon buttermilk and potatoes, would his lordship be charged with inconsistency, and would it be commendable for some humorous member of the venerable Bench, in tones of mimicry to make him the subject of public ridicule? The case is precisely parallel to mine, but, if there were any fun in it, it would surely lie in the folly of the person who should imagine the non-existent inconsistency. The poverty of some Dissenting ministers is only an argument against the voluntary principle as far as the extreme distress of a considerable number of the Anglican clergy is an argument against State support. The painful evil of clerical poverty exists under both forms of maintenance, and it ought not to be made the ground of mutual attack or recrimination, but should be deeply deplored and manfully grappled with. From reasons not essential to either system a great evil arises; a zealous emulation as to which shall sooner rid itself of the mischief would be most honourable, but to twit each other with sorrows is as unwise as it is ungenerous." This is, or ought to be, conclusive. The voluntary system with ministers compelled to live on £40 a year may fairly reject the commiseration of the bishop of an endowed Church, some of whose clergymen live upon buttermilk and potatoes, and are thankful to be supplied with cast-off clothing. No doubt the Bishop of Oxford is well off; but so is Mr. Spurgeon. But endowment has no reason to crow over the voluntary system. To say the least, there is not that disproportion between the incomes of popular preachers and obscure ministers which there is between courtly bishops and starving curates.

THE LABOUR QUESTION.

MR. GLADSTONE'S Conference some months ago with the deputies of the trade-unions, pointed him out as the most fitting person to preside at the meeting which was held on Saturday, in the rooms of the Society of Arts, "to appoint a committee for the purpose of spreading information as to the natural laws which regulate wages, and in aiding in the removal of barriers now often existing between employers and workmen." What is requisite above all other requisites to bring about such a state of feeling between operatives and employers as will induce them to settle their disputes by some less costly and rational method of arbitrament than locks-out and strikes, is the sentiment that their interests are one, and that it is by mutual forbearance, by a good-humoured giving and taking, that the rise and fall of wages will be agreed upon between them without recourse to the belligerent process by which they have hitherto settled their differences. It is not easy to bring about such a state of feeling. Combination on either side has been so developed, and has so often produced collision, involving a long continuance of bitter animosity, that men and masters have come to regard each other as natural enemies. If anything can put an end to this feeling it is the interposition of a body like the Social Science Association, at whose instance the meeting on Saturday was held, seeking to bring about a better understanding of the relations between capital and labour, and inaugurating its work under the sanction of Mr. Gladstone's name, which is a guarantee to the working classes of the *bona fides* of the Association's undertaking. The working classes have faith in Mr. Gladstone; faith in his capacity as well as his honesty; faith, arising from the fact that the whole of his career has shown a gradual drawing nearer and nearer to the interests of the masses, and a deepening sympathy with their fate. Above all things, they believe him to be a man who will hold the scale evenly between them and their employers. On his part he has declared his belief in their willingness to be amenable to reason; and on Saturday he claimed in their behalf concessions fairly due to them. "In the first place," he observed, "it was required that they should be approached in a friendly spirit; that they should feel that they were able to place confidence in their good intentions; that they should be assured that they were not approached in the spirit of class, but in the spirit of men who were attached to truth, and anxious to arrive at the truth, and nothing but the truth, for the common interest of all. The working man would require, and justly so, something more than this, which was that there should be a recognition of their character as men—as men qualified and entitled to form a judgment upon the measures which were proposed for their good;" and "he was persuaded that the more freely and the more largely this recognition is made, the greater would be the progress achieved in bringing about an agreement as to the troubles which they desired to conciliate." The meeting cordially assented to this view of its duty; and it is not too much to say that the task it has undertaken modifies the relations of labour and capital in an important degree. Thus far the working classes have had for their guides men who had a direct interest in fostering the spirit of hostility between them and their employers—able-headed agitators, whose egotism was gratified by their being acknowledged as leaders of men, and who, while feeding their vanity have not neglected the more substantial advantages their position offered them. When the Social Science Association, with such men as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Thomas Hughes, &c., offer their mediation, the working classes will not be slow to see that they need no longer be at the mercy of their leaders. For, without doubt, the reign of those leaders has not been always over willing subjects. There have been few strikes in which there have not been a considerable percentage of men willing to work rather than stand idle, if the more resolute spirits would allow them. In many cases they have only been prevented from working by sheer force. No one will suppose that the Social Science Association has any personal end to answer in interposing between capital and labour. On the contrary, its interference will be apt to be regarded as a great step towards the union of classes between which the line of demarcation has been too broadly drawn. It is hardly credible that the Sheffield atrocities could have been committed had there not been a feeling on the part of the workmen that society dealt sternly with them rather than in a sympathizing spirit. To the same feeling we attribute the tyrannical laws which have been made by many trade-unions.

If, then, we can bring the working classes to believe that there is an earnest desire on the part of society to deal justly by them, and give them a fair share of the profits of their labour, we shall do much to emancipate them from the tyranny

of their unscrupulous leaders. That will be the first step towards a better state of things. And there is a good basis to start upon. The first resolution passed at the meeting on Saturday was to the effect that strikes and locks-out show a great and lamentable ignorance of the interest which employers and employed have in common, and of the duty which should bring together all classes of society. It might open the eyes of the working classes if an estimate could be placed before them of the money-loss they have sustained in the last ten years through strikes which have terminated in their accepting the reduction of wages against which they revolted. *Mutatis mutandis*, the same observation is true with regard to employers. No proposition can be more simple than that the condition of capital and labour is one of partnership. Where it has been acknowledged as such, and placed under the laws of partnership, all previous difficulties have disappeared. That was done in a case, of which we recently made mention, where the owners of certain collieries converted their private firm into a company so as to admit their workmen to a share in the business. The result was immediate. Strikes and "open" days ceased. The men, interested in the pecuniary result of the mines, economized materials which they had previously wasted. They economized time also, labouring with greater diligence than before. Still, the owners, holding a large majority of the shares, were as much masters of the property as ever. It is the undefined nature of the partnership between labour and capital which is the source of disagreement. Each party is apt to claim more than its fair share of the profits,—the men by demanding too high a rate of wages; their employers by offering too low a rate. The laws of partnership are now such as make it practicable to give workmen, in part, the position and direct interest of employers, by allowing them to invest some of their savings in the capital of the business in which they are engaged, and by paying part of their wages by a share of the profits. It is not every business which will show such great results from this system as the case of the coal-mines above alluded to. The principle is not perhaps generally applicable; but independent of the solution it offers of the labour question, there is the plan adopted in Nottingham and elsewhere of holding conferences between the employers and delegates from the workmen. This system has been found to act so well, that it is said strikes have died out under its operation. It is clear, therefore, that strikes and locks-out are not a necessary evil. When once employers and their men learn to be accommodating, and not carry things with a high hand—when once they consent to respect each other's rights, it would seem to be not a very difficult matter to reconcile their differences. This is to be done by the substitution of a conciliatory spirit in the place of that readiness to adopt extreme courses which is too much the habit of men and masters. One will not submit to dictation, and the other, relying on the organization, will not lessen their demand. They live habitually on the verge of war, and the first difference precipitates hostilities.

TURF ENTOMOLOGY.

IT is weary work to cleanse an Augean stable; an uphill game for a Nestor or reformer, single-handed, to challenge inspection into a tangled web of, to say the least, mysterious coincidence that seems, if unmolested, content to subside into its own obscurity, if not oblivion.

A month and more has fled since the "Queen of Danebury," upon whom the failing fortunes of a marquisate were to be rebuilt, staggered in almost last in the field of Blue Gown's Derby. With good reason had she been veiled from the eyes of the most undiscerning of critics till she had reached the post in Langley Bottom. Her preliminary canter was dispensed with; sheeted and hooded she was led from the paddock to the post, nor mounted till she reached it,—mysterious and inexplicable to the last. The first fair view of her that the public had was to see the *élite* jockey of the world "riding" her a mile from home, to keep her within hailing distance of the leaders; their next to see her lurch exhaustedly past the Grand Stand, far in the rear; their next to behold her led and unsaddled in the temporary ring formed opposite the Jockeys' Stand, while the world wondered at the wreck of animal life upon which so many had built their fortunes—gaunt, lean, rough-coated, unmuscular, tucked up in the loins, "pouring" with sweat, and quivering from pain and exhaustion,—a creature that not a single stable lad, after a moment's glance, would have backed for sixpence to win a fifty-pound selling plate at a suburban meeting; and, more than all, the race was won by a horse whose sole defeat that year had been inflicted by Lady Elizabeth's discarded stable companion, the Earl, "scratched"

inexplicably on the eve of battle—backed by the public for half a million, yet not even allowed to run as a "second string." No need for further mystery on the Oaks day. The murder was out, and the fallen favourite cantered placidly in public; the farce was played out, the cruelty repeated, and the poor jaded beast once more "lolloped" the course in the rear of a slow-run race.

Then the Epsom week was over, and Surmise at once busily set to work to unravel deeds of darkness, and invent its own explanations. Some authorized recital from the "stable" was anxiously looked for; such as the plausible tale of troublesome teeth and fevered gums, that explained the discrepancy of Blink Bonny's running in the One Thousand and subsequent Derby and Oaks.

But there was no voice, neither any that answered, and Surmise and Scandal ran riot more than ever, while really upright turfites chafed under the stigma which had thus fallen upon their pursuit. But it was not long before a meddling and vulgar sporting journal must needs take in vain the name of the Nestor of the Turf, and impute to him an exclamation and explanation of the mystery, which, though shared by many, had not been entertained by Admiral Rous. And an indignant refutation of the liberty that had been taken with the Admiral's name and opinions culminated in a challenge, a volunteered explanation, and direct imputation of foul play and connivance upon the various actors in the mysterious drama so lately played out, that none of the latter who had the least vestige of character to lose could in justice to himself submit or assent to.

The letter in the *Times* fell like a thunderbolt; even his friends were astonished at the Admiral's audacity when he openly avowed that the Danebury stable and trainer had long been aware of Lady Elizabeth's incapability and deterioration, disclosed the whole by-play of the scratching of the Earl, and hinted an explanation of the motives of action throughout by likening the Marquis of Hastings to a fly, and his financial adviser to a spider who held him in his web.

Such an onslaught upon the character of individuals could not but meet with reply, legal as well as literary. Another day saw the whole flock of the assailed vigorously defending themselves in print—Mr. Padwick denying that he had any influence or interest in the "scratching" of the Earl; the trainer, through his solicitors, asserting his innocence, and intended self-vindication; and the "poor fly" himself disdaining the proffered shelter of imbecility that had been offered him, and boldly claiming to take all onus and odium upon his own shoulders. The sporting journals knew not what to make of the matter at first; many feared to commit themselves till they could better see their way into the futurity of the law. One paper that had for weeks past stigmatized the Marquis as a defaulter, and pointed out the injustice that permitted him to bet under cover of friends, and win upon his own horses, while he was still in debt for tens of thousands to the very Ring from which he would, if he could, draw Derby winnings, was of course loud in the Admiral's praise; another publication, that had for some time past vilified the Ring for claiming payment of the debts, and pointed out the justice with which the Marquis declined to pay debts of honour except at his own convenience, again stood up for its *protégé*, though, of late, finding that the current of popular opinion has flowed with the Admiral, it has turned into one of the bitterest revilers of the fallen and absent peer. Another undecided writer began by lamenting that the "Admiral's friends could not keep an inkstand out of his reach," though he too before long lapsed into the popular current.

But when legal proceedings were fairly embarked, and the Admiral unflinchingly stood to his guns, nor offered one syllable of retraction, the natural bias of Englishmen, who hate the bare idea of underhand play, and love to see mystery unravelled, began to show itself more plainly, and it was soon generally known how strong a body of friends were behind the Admiral's apparently single arm, and how thoroughly his individual challenge was supported by honest men as a necessary public commission of inquiry.

For such a challenge, such an imputation of dishonesty as is contained in the Admiral's letter, the Turf cannot be too thankful. Till some elucidation can be brought to bear upon the subject, it is impossible but that sinister rumours, not to say grave suspicions, should attach themselves to all connected with the late tactics of the Danebury stable. As to whether the Admiral is or is not correct in his estimate of Lady Elizabeth's simply deteriorated form, will be more difficult to prove, though of less importance than the general allegation. The unusual mystery that attached itself to her ladyship's movements up to the hour of the Derby start, as compared with the open dis-

play of her helplessness before the Oaks, has, to say the least, a sinister appearance. Fretful though her temper may have been presumed to be, it was better than as a two year old, and then she never shirked public gaze.

That her owner should have "hedged" his money when she came to such a short price is only natural, and what any one short of a mere reckless gambler would have done. Again, if the Marquis had known a week before the race that she was out of all form, it would hardly have been worth his while to come to terms, as he did, with his creditors, for the chance of winning by a worthless mare; whereas, the only other horse that ran on which he stood to win any stake, Blue Gown, won for him a less sum than he paid down as an instalment in his compromise with the Ring. Proverbial though it is that mares lose their "form" in spring, only to recover it in autumn—witness *Caller On*, *Impérieuse*, *Achievement*—never has such a falling off, from the best to something below even the worst form of the year, ever taken place before in any one animal, unless the cause, as with *Archimedes* and others, was temper. But the poor jade did not lay back her ears, or show temper, even when staggering in exhausted under whip and spur. She was brought too low for that.

Buccaneer still lives, a witness to the evil trade of the nobbler, or horse-poisoner. There were wondrous tales afloat of a frustrated attempt upon Hermit's stomach last year. Even last week a groom of the name of Woollacot was sentenced by the Recorder of Barnsley to five years' penal servitude for poisoning a mare for some unheard-of "leather-flapping" race. It may be more charitable to presume some such sudden cause as this led to the deteriorated form and physique of the favourite on the Derby-day; but even granting this, it is patent that the administration of the poison, if any, took place not hours but days before the race.

It seems anomalous if there should have been no trial, collateral or direct, between the Earl and the Lady during the last ten days or week, in a stable proverbial in former campaigns for the frequency and accuracy of its trials, and which carried all the world with it while they retained Lord Ronald to say "what o'clock it was." And further, it says little at least for the capacities and vigilance of a trainer if such an altered contour, that was the laughing-stock of the veriest counter-skipper on the Downs, could have escaped his veteran and practised eye, even if the evil existed but in the last few days; or that the last week of Derby-training should be carried on under sheets and hoods.

And the affair of the Earl is even more mysterious. Mr. Padwick plumply denies any connection with or control over that animal, but there were some who saw the horse in the spring at Newmarket discard the well-known "hoops" of the Marquis and beat Blue Gown in the "colours" of the financial adviser who now repudiates all connection with him. The Marquis cannot but be an object of pity, deprived (by what causes we know not) of the services of the only horse that this year could beat the Derby winner, and induced to pin his faith and purse upon a mere broken reed, and now absent in Norway while his fair fame is at stake. His financial agent is also unfortunate, cold-shouldered by former aristocratic acquaintances, refused the *entrée* of the royal inclosure at Ascot, nicknamed the "spider" by racing men and caricaturists, and still delaying to produce the proofs that will right him in the eyes of the world. And the trainer—under whose skilful care £50,000 was won in stakes alone by employers—may well fall back upon the redress of the law to reinstate him to the place which, without the approval of a British jury, he can never again hope to attain. The Admiral alone seems unmoved by the turmoil around him, and is as desirous as at first to court inquiry and actions for damages. For the satisfaction of all parties interested, the assailed and assailer alike, and not least for the true interest of British sport, it is to be hoped that the cause may come to trial, and that speedily—a battle to the death and no compromise.

The entomology of the Admiral has given scope to much pleasantry at the expense of the parties implied in his allegory. The simile is, perhaps, a new one; but the implied principle is unfortunately of long standing. Many have been the spiders and flies in former years; too often has the constant explanation been given of a man who did run straight, but whose horses indulged in all sorts of vagaries, both when racing and by not going to the post when most expected, that he could no longer help himself, for that he was in the hands of the bookmakers—an ominous term, implying unsatisfied bets of honour; in return for which himself and his horses were to be at the beck and call of those who held him in their power. Bookmaking is a far safer employment than ownership of race-horses. It is a system of insurance against, instead of for, the

success of animals; and, like other systems of insurance, if continually carried out, produces immense profits. Many book-makers care not to mix up the risks of ownership with their more legitimate vocation; but with many men one of the great values of a racehorse is not so much to back him on the chance of his winning, as to lay against him with the certainty of his losing, or never seeing the post,—especially when they pull the strings of their own puppets.

One more subdivision of Turf entomology the Admiral alluded to, but did not exactly denominate—something lower down in the scale than the spider or the fly—the common parasite. Rightly he said that for a ten-pound note many a tout or tipster upon the lower orders of sporting papers could be bought to "butter" a worthless favourite, to "puff" it in the market, that the stable and owners might safely lay against what was technically a "dead 'un" from the first. Of the sums betted upon a large p. p. race, it is wonderful what gigantic amounts flow in through commissioners in small sums from the general populace, who know not one horse from another, but extract their knowledge, such as it is, from the "prophets" of the daily or sporting papers. That these augurs are but blind leaders of the blind is patent, for if they really could select animals with any accuracy, a very small investment upon each race would soon make millionaires of them, instead of leaving them to tout and scribble year by year for the benefit of the British public. No one yet ever heard of a tipster retired upon his fortunes, but, periodically, default and "warning-off" race-courses make gaps in their ranks. Yet to such as these the vulgar herd give blind credence, and greedily follow any intimation of a "good thing," in most cases only to burn their fingers in the end.

Racing may be well enough for those who can afford it, and afford it in two ways: firstly, as to time and money—for it needs both of them; secondly, as to position and self-containment,—for it is not one in ten that can stand clear of "auri sacra fames," and race for the sport, not for the money-making of the pursuit,—and so preserve their social position untainted by the rabble through whom they have daily to pass, and even gain extra caste, as do some few unbiassed, unstained leaders of the Turf from the abnormal fact that they seem able to touch pitch without being thereby defiled.

DR. NEWMAN AGAINST NOVEL READING.

DR. NEWMAN and other writers of the severe order of thinking have put forward a striking theory on the use of our emotions. Judging all things by their power of propelling towards the highest pitch of spiritual life, they say that it is more or less a mistake to suppose that what are called intellectual amusements or dissipations are harmless; on the contrary, they are as often as not the instruments of mental confusion and moral discomfiture. Our feelings were given for the purpose of exciting to good actions; and if we fall into the habit of indulging these feelings, and provoking them to an onward movement without a corresponding outward action, there is an immediate danger of our regarding these moods as having satisfied their function sufficiently when they have brought about a mere sense of wonder, of pleasure, of awe, admiration, or love. Dr. Newman selects novel-reading to illustrate his view of the case. Novels, he says, "contain many good sentiments (I am taking the better sort of them); characters, too, are introduced, virtuous, noble, patient under suffering, and triumphing at length over misfortune. The great truths of religion are upheld, we will suppose, and enforced, and our affections excited and interested in what is good and true. But it is all fiction; it does not exist out of a book, which contains the beginning and the end of it. We have nothing to do; we read, are affected, softened, or roused—and that is all. We cool again; nothing comes of it." And then he goes on to insist "that if we allow our feelings to be excited without acting upon them, we do mischief to the moral sentiments within us, just as we might spoil a watch or any other piece of mechanism by playing with the wheels of it." There is, indeed, a great deal of truth in this. It is easily exemplified by looking at the numbers of young ladies with an omnivorous taste for fiction, who so drug their minds with the loaded stuff of novels, and so constantly titillate their feelings into excitement with it, that they have little emotion, aim, or thought for the real world about them. But here we find an abuse, and we do not believe that Dr. Newman is right except where novel reading is an abuse. It is quite possible to conceive that there are numbers of persons whose emotions lie more or less dormant and are too sluggish to be stirred up by the religious sentiment which has been coldly

put before them as a duty. They read a sound, healthy poem or a sound, healthy novel, and gradually those emotions are quickened within them; they become conscious of greater capacities; and although action may not follow *immediately* on this consciousness, nevertheless it has become alive and vigilant, and will fructify into action upon opportunity. It seems to us also that our feelings, like most other things, may be better for a little exercise. Exercise does not necessarily imply waste. We should be inclined to doubt the reality of a man's religion whose virtue was so closely cloistered that it had never allowed itself to be cognisant of human weaknesses or affections. But personal experience never suffices to arouse in us the deepest emotions. Our lives may be as uneventful as a dull stream passing slowly through a moor. Books have the power of satisfying the want required to rouse those emotions, and in doing it they make us better, even though the effect may not be that we love our neighbour more at once, or hand more coppers to beggars. Surely something must be allowed for the educating process of works of fiction, educating not in a mere literary sense, but in the sense of mental enlargement. Dr. Newman would not require peremptory results from a classical education. The time of training is not lost, although there is nothing to show for it on the spot. In works of fiction of the finest kind there is a presentation to the mind of creatures tempted and weak, triumphant or suffering, as the case may be, and we are called upon silently by the author to pass judgment upon them. We do so unconsciously, and thereby perform a positive act which will strengthen our resolution if we are in any corresponding condition afterwards in real life. Is not this beneficial? It seems to us clearly that it is.

Again, if Dr. Newman is right as to works of fiction, he ought to be equally right as to works of fact; all he complains of is that "nothing comes" of the books in question save a temporary excitement. Would he then hold that reading certain parts of Scripture and simply permitting them to sink into the heart, without going at once to do all they suggest, would be a useless and barren reading? It is scarcely probable that he would. Yet in many instances nothing would or need come of such reading. In the narrative passages, for example, our feelings and emotions may be stirred with the remotest view to action. We might take them up and lay them down with a mere sentimental relish, just as we might a novel. Yet that relish gives a taste for good things, and when the time comes we are induced to prove this taste by action. Hence the perusal has not been profitless. The notion that we are to keep our souls locked up until they come out at a dry word of command appears not quite consistent with the liberal æsthetic views of the Church of which Dr. Newman is a distinguished member. What becomes of music, which never tells us to do anything, and yet may prompt us to all good? All music is fictitious; it is only associatively it lends itself to religion, and it will just as readily accommodate itself to ballet-dancing. Yet the Roman Catholic Church has made it an assistant in her great ceremonies and offices. Is it a dissipation to listen to the organ? Our feelings are excited by it, and yet we venture to say that by this excitement we do *not* "do mischief to the moral system within us, just as we might spoil a watch or other piece of mechanism by playing with the wheels of it." The springs are strengthened instead of weakened; an arm never moved would in time become muscle-less. The same may be said of painting or of sculpture. It is quite possible for a man or a woman of an educated mind to be moved to pious deeds by representations entirely disconnected with religion. A landscape by a great painter is often pervaded by a deep and suggestive spirit of worship; the faces of many statues are not dumb. Yet those are fictitious things; "they do not exist" out of the canvas or the stone, no more than the characters of a tale exist out of a book. It does not spoil their influence upon us that we know their mimetic origin. There are thousands of persons we are certain who would feel religion nearer to them on seeing a great crowd of upturned faces praying in a church, the painted work of a master, than they would on seeing a picture of the Crucifixion; yet the latter would be more suggestive of immediate action, and would be *true* than the former.

In one sense we quite concede that it is bad to read novels, to view paintings, or to see plays. You may have too much of them; and there is no doubt that at the present time there is a great deal of what we may term sentimental luxury. The effect of it is as disastrous upon art as it is upon morals. Nothing indicates the bad education of a country more distinctly than its taste for what is excessive, harrowing, and tawdry. But Dr. Newman makes no exception to his rule, and we are tempted, with much respect, to ask him why he wrote beautiful verses under the title of "Gerontius," which deal with an

entirely fictitious subject. "Gerontius" does not inspire us with a vivid desire for action, being a contemplative, and indeed strongly emotional, work of art of a high and noble order; but it instructs us on mystic and distant points of thought, which may never be necessary, in a utilitarian sense, to consider with an eye to performance at all. In fact, Dr. Newman insists upon charging art with a utilitarian mission. Art is utilitarian, but it must be utilitarian without design; it is utilitarian by a law of its own development, and it *does* help out the intention of the Ten Commandments. Bad art acts like the prayers which the witches repeated backwards.

There is another branch of this subject in which we may find a germ of truth in Dr. Newman's remark. The stock wonder of the world is that men of genius, who write such beautiful things, should be so often indifferent husbands, and bad models of virtue. Without stopping to ask the common-sense people what *excessive* obligation there is in a man of genius to be a good husband (for they always imply that because he writes those fine moralities, he is under heavier responsibilities than they are who seldom trouble themselves about them), we confess at the outset that there is a moral risk attendant upon an artistic use of the emotions, that is, of a constant use of them. There, indeed, lies the danger which Dr. Newman refers to persons who pore over books. Those who write them run most of the hazard. They "play with the wheels of the mechanism," and may "weaken the moral system" by setting it in work very frequently for the sake of display. Hence it is, perhaps, that we have had so many sad examples in literature of wrecked and wasted authors, whose performances are the most precious charges we can leave posterity. At the same time even with artists (and we include under that term all who write, paint, sing, or compose, with proper qualifications), it would not be universally or either generally true that, because they feigned or felt emotions, they were weakening or destroying them for religious, moral, or practical purposes. If that were true, it would be also true of the technical professors of religious teaching, that, by the constant display of fervour or zeal in the pulpit, by its display incommensurate with the possibilities of acting constantly up to their instructions, they lost personal religious force. We are inclined to think that if an artist is not a good man, he must be perpetually struggling against his conscience. He may find some relief in confiding those struggles to his books or his pictures, or his symphonies, but he cannot entirely free himself from remorse. There is always an angel at his side with a reproachful countenance.

We should be sorry to recommend indiscriminate reading or indiscriminate mooning over either pictures or music, but to accept Dr. Newman's notion literally would be to deprive us all of light because some people have weak eyes. We are glad at least that he has not followed his own theory in that way, for though it may have brought him into a retreat from the passionate turmoil of the day, it has not prevented him from sending us messages of pure sentiment in his recently-written poems, which are calculated to prepare the mind for the action which he insists should follow emotional disturbance. And yet they do only in a more refined and scholarly manner what hundreds of writers strive to do in a coarser fashion; and the process by which they have become so refined and so scholarly included a knowledge of Greek and of Latin models, which could have given no immediate prompting to the virtues of Christianity. There is such a thing as wallowing in emotion and becoming debauched by it: such excesses are not confined to reading works of fiction, but have been induced even by reading that work of all others which ought to chasten and subdue.

SAMUEL LOVER.

A SHORT time since, in reviewing a new edition of Mr. Lover's poetical works, we expressed a wish that he might again write some of those pathetic ballads with which his name was associated. The edition we referred to, however, was the last which was to pass through the author's hands: we learn from the newspapers that Mr. Lover died on Monday last.

Mr. Lover was born a year before the Irish insurrection of 1798. He commenced his career as an artist, but soon abandoned the brush for the pen, as many other artists have done. One of the chief reasons for this change, however, was that the peculiar branch of his profession which he adopted, that of miniature painting on ivory, was destroying his sight, and therefore as a matter of necessity he was obliged to abandon it. He found at that time in Dublin a periodical which we believe was the medium of first introducing Carleton and Lever, as

well as Lover, to the literary world. This was the *Irish Penny Journal*, in which Petrie's archaeological papers also originally appeared. Lover's "Legends and Tales illustrative of Irish Character" were received with great favour. He had a good budget of queer stories, and a quaint, humorous way of telling them. In his day the Irish peasant was a much more appropriate subject for literature than at present. He was at once more prosperous and more picturesque. He was surrounded with the most extraordinary landlords and squires, who constantly fought duels with each other, which he attended as he would a main of cocks. Lover's "Handy Andy," fanciful and exaggerated as it may seem to the English reader, was not untrue in its chief incidents, and was almost literally true in its delineation of the principal characters, who were taken from the life. "Handy Andy" made his *début* in *Bentley's Miscellany*, and from its publication Mr. Lover became a regular contributor to the London periodicals. His health, however, at one time failed him, and he relieved the monotony of his work by contriving an entertainment which was afterwards imitated by a host of gentlemen with "evenings," "portfolios," and dioramas. It consisted of story telling and music. Mr. Lover's songs were very graceful and pathetic. He had a fine knowledge of certain touching intervals and minor cadences, which were fairly based upon old Irish airs. Even in the humorous ballads the music had a tinge of melancholy, and a sad undertone. It was essentially popular music, but of a very different order from the idiotic popular music which now finds its way into our drawing-rooms. The miserable echoes of "Won't you tell me why, Robin?" and "Take back the heart," which young ladies sigh and gurgle from the piano, are poor substitutes for "True love can ne'er forget," and "What will you do, love?" Lover never attempted to write classically, but what he attempted he did artistically. His accompaniments were tastefully composed, and writing the words, as he always did, to the songs, his correct musical ear prevented him from endeavouring to twist nonsensical and harsh-sounding phrases into his melodies. Even now not a few of his ballads still hold their ground, and in Australia and America they are treated as tenderly as a piece of shamrock brought over from Ireland. But it was not only for the songs that Mr. Lover's entertainment was appreciated. He had a felicitous style of delivery, and could imitate the brogue to perfection. His "brogue" was far superior to Mr. Boucicault's, although the latter has been a careful student of the accent. Mr. Lover had caught the national brogue. Mr. Boucicault invariably talks like a Wicklow peasant, and his mournful sing-song manner would never be heard or recognised in any other part of the island. Then, again, Lover was happy in his choice of subjects, as long, that is, as he stuck to Irish subjects. The loves of Patrick and Kathleen, the humours of the fairies, the warnings of the banshees, the wild and beautiful legends with which the Irish peasantry, when they had heart enough left them to tell stories, used to pass the Hallow eve and the winter nights, were all familiar to him, and were set by him with a rare and delicate skill. There is a very singular melancholy in Irish character and in Irish scenery. It is quite different from the melancholy of the Scotch, or the dull gravity to be found amongst some of the English peasantry. When M. A. Titmarsh went through the country, filling his sketch-book with clever caricatures as well as sharp truthful pictures of the Irish character, he did not fail to observe this, and, in a description of Glendalough, the satirist (who, like every true satirist, possessed a profound sensibility in reserve) gives, in a few sentences, an account of the effect of this melancholy landscape influence upon him, in which he is compelled to resort to those words of poetic colour which include what Mr. Ruskin terms the pathetic fallacy. Mr. Lover was very successful in his songs and in his tales in reproducing this sentiment. One of his latest, we are not sure but it is his latest novel, is replete with a feeling of the kind. The work we allude to, "Treasure Trove," is one of the best Irish novels extant. It is curious that it should not have been more successful. Without being pervaded by the gloom of either Banim or Griffin, or the black-and-white colouring of Carleton, there is a thorough air of acquaintance with Irish nature and history about it. The character of "Phadrig na Phib," an old blind piper who becomes mixed up with the fortunes of the Pretender, is brought out with great steadiness and power. The book should, however, be read with its illustrations, which we believe were from Mr. Lover's own pencil. It contrasts very favourably in many places with Mr. Lever's work, although it does not show as much care or artistic cleverness. It contains some charming lyrics, which have been reprinted in the late edition of Mr. Lover's poems.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Lover was not a more in-

dustrious author, as it is more than probable he could have written better books than he has left us. But we believe his health was one cause of this, and another, we should think, was a personal failing of interest for a country out of which he resided for so long a time, and for whose political condition he entertained a sort of pity mingled with contempt. He used to miss the signs, from what he heard, even of the poetic spirit which was once rife amongst the peasantry. His recollections went back to the period of the St. Omer priest, when Maynooth was not heard of, and when Dublin was a city of some social as well as national consequence. He could remember the time when Buck Whally threw open for three weeks his house in College-green to any ladies or gentlemen who chose to walk in for luncheon, dinner, or supper. Buck Whally lived magnificently in Paris, and described himself as an Irish gentleman who had come to the Continent "to retrench." Absenteeism was then comparatively little known, except in the fashion to which Buck Whally was reduced. Mr. Lover had numberless stories and anecdotes of those days, of the duels fought in the Park, of the Hell-fire Club, of the wonderful elections at which the attorneys used to regularly charge for "going out" in the bill of expenses. He used to describe with great humour and gusto the private theatricals at Kilkenny, where Miss O'Neil the famous actress first met her husband. He had a large stock of reminiscences connected with the famous county of Galway, its stone walls, the "Blazers," the heiresses with fortunes in Chancery, and the extent of cousinship which rendered the district almost patriarchal in some respects. We doubt if there is any Irishman now living who shared Mr. Lover's knowledge of those odd relics of the past or his power of putting them before a listener. Therefore it is we regret that he did not leave a record of those memories. What he has done, however, will not be soon forgotten by those who take an interest in the poetry of Ireland. He has performed no mean service for his countrymen in rendering familiar to us here not a few of their sympathies and sentiments, which, coming to us in music and verse of a pleasing kind, were welcome guests. He cannot have claimed for him the place of a great poet, but he has a right to the name of a singer who was as faithful to his native instincts as any lyrical singer whoever wrote. There is a place for such a man, surely, amongst the men who have been a credit to Ireland, and it would be a deserved recognition of this if the Irish were to erect some memorial to a writer whose works were racy of the soil on which he was born.

THE VALUE OF ACCIDENTS.

THE nicest social adjustment possible under the most paternal of Governments will always sacrifice the interests of a certain number. We cannot all be working; and no method has as yet been invented for giving every one a fair means of subsistence. But what political economy and private philanthropy have been unable to devise, seems at last to have been almost accomplished by an association bent on self-aggrandisement. The general employment which shall suit all persons out of work has been discovered. The inventors do not offer to sell you their secret for twelve stamps and a directed envelope; on the contrary, they use whole columns of the *Times* in advertising it. We refer to the gentlemen who pay you handsomely for having your finger sprained, or your ankle put out of joint. True, some such means of making a livelihood are known in other countries, though there the voluntary employers do not call themselves an Accident Assurance Company. In India, for instance, you can always get people ready to maim themselves for a certain sum of money. One of the wandering Afghans, for example, who go down south to make a living by exhibiting conjuring tricks to the resident English, will drink certain decoctions, and submit to be buried alive for a week in order to afford one amusement and instruction. So exhausting is the process that the man, half-dead when he recovers, cannot repeat it more than three or four times in his life; and yet he will only charge you about £10 or £12 for the entertainment. For a certain sum, if travellers' stories be true, a Japanese will disembowel himself. Here in England we have not hitherto invented a means by which a man may live by destroying his life; but that career of usefulness is now opened to him. Instead of committing suicide, the starving wretch has only to take a ticket from the Railway Passengers' Assurance Company, for which he will pay a few pence, and twist his ankle on getting into a carriage. He will get sufficient money to support him for a month, at the end of which time he may insure himself against accidents generally, and then experiment with a fall from a ladder. Six pounds sterling per week until he is

quite recovered will be his reward for this self-sacrifice; out of which he ought to be able to save a few pounds for future exigencies. Or if he is so pleased with his new profession as to be desirous of shirking holidays, he may follow his fall from the ladder with an accidental discharge of a pistol into the fleshy part of his arm. For the pain of this operation he should be paid handsomely, and probably will. So he may continue, living a jolly life, only varied by a few of those casualties to which all flesh is heir.

A list of persons who have been thus remunerated for personal damage has been published by the society of which we speak. It is highly instructive. Indeed, we have never previously seen an effort to define the relative amount of compassion (which, in the company's hands, turns into compensation) due to sufferers by various kinds of accidents. The first in the list is a clergyman who fell down the stairs of his cellar. Probably he was on pleasure bent, and being frugal enough to dispense with the services of a butler, was about to bring up some wine for the people he had invited to dinner. However that may be, he fell; and having had the forethought to pay this benevolent company three pounds, they were kind enough to return him sixty pounds. Presently, however, we find that a "gentleman" also fell downstairs and got £1,000. We suspect that this gentleman died, and that the compensation could only benefit him when, from another sphere, he looked down (or up) and saw his children enjoying the fruits of his provident thoughtfulness. We are then told that a gentleman in Weedon burnt himself when gallantly rescuing a lady from a fire. We should have thought that such a deed would have merited a large compensation, but the company, probably considering that virtue ought to be its own reward, only gave him twelve pounds. A farmer in Hurst, we learn, got a wound in the eye from a pea-stick; and it was perhaps to solace him for the ignominy of the wound that our kindly company presented with £100. The next sufferer is a surgeon, who, it appears, was in a stable and was kicked by a horse. As he received £1,000 by way of compensation, and as this is the amount paid if you die, we presume the kick was too much for the unhappy surgeon. On his deathbed, however, he must have been solaced by the knowledge that he would get £997 from the company—the premium he had paid being £3. Among the "accidents in professional pursuits" two surgeons appear, one of them having poisoned his hand while dissecting, the other having wounded his hand with a lancet. But, suppose a surgeon was accidentally to kill his patient—and we have heard of such cases—would the latter, suppose he had paid his premium, get £1,000? It is quite clear that a man runs a much greater chance of being sent out of the world through the accidental blunder of a surgeon than by a kick from a horse. The company, besides, ought to make a deduction in such cases as show unpardonable negligence on the part of the sufferer; the man who puts himself within reach of a horse's hind legs, without knowing the temper of the animal, provokes the accident for which he gets paid. With the two surgeons there appears an architect who went and knocked his head against a beam. Why should he get £63 for his stupidity? Even granting that his head was worth £63, the gratuitous nature of the accident should have warranted the company in deducting a half of the compensation. So with two persons who were knocked down by an engine. The man who gets in the way of a railway-engine must expect to be hurt; at least, the chances are so much in favour of the engine knocking him down, instead of the engine being knocked off the rails, that in equity we should exonerate the insurance company. We should even be disposed to refuse the application of the farmer, at Thurning, who was hurt through the one barrel of a gun exploding while he was loading the other. The man who loads a gun with the muzzle pointing to him so that, in the event of a charge going off, there is even a chance of his being shot, ought, instead of receiving £500 compensation, be compelled to pay £500 to the nearest lunatic asylum. Then, as we have already mentioned, if you are actually killed, £1,000 is paid to you as *solatium*. The persons out of work who adopt this means of making a living must take care not to overdo it; they may go to far, and get a final £1,000. They ought to choose safe accidents. To stand in the way of a train certainly insures an accident; but the accident may be too serious. Tumbling from a horse is also perilous. The safest accident we observe in this column is the fall downstairs. You may practise this fall until you know how many steps it will take to dislocate your shoulder, without breaking your neck. Of course, the experimenter must vary his line of business; for, if he were to keep continually dislocating his shoulder, the company might become suspicious.

One word to the general public, who may be disposed to

withhold their pence from the Railway Passengers' Assurance Company on the ground that accidents are so very uncertain. They are not. The company insures the accident. Here are the very words, set forth in large type in the advertising columns of the *Times*—"One penny insures £200 in a third-class carriage. Twopence insures £500 in a second-class carriage. Threepence insures £1,000 in a first-class carriage." Now the Company never gives compensation unless when the accident occurs, so that to insure the compensation is to insure the accident. The reader has nothing to fear, if he believes the assertions of a company the honour of which has never been called in question. He has only to pay his threepence, and step into a first-class carriage; and both the accident and the £1,000, on the word of the company, must follow. He will not lose his threepence for nothing. We suggest a first-class carriage, because in a general smash-up it is better to have one's head pitched against a stuffed cushion than to have it knocked on a deal board. But, after all, it matters little whether you are killed in a stuffed or in a bare carriage; and it is only for your death that the company will pay the £1,000. Death in a railway-carriage is, in many cases, to be preferred to other forms of final exit herein described. One man, we observe, was drowned by the upsetting of a duck-punt while he was out shooting. That means that he was suffocated in mud. We should consider that £1,000 was a meagre compensation for such a death. Nor was the case much better with the commercial traveller in Birmingham, who was "shot with a revolver by a clerk." If England were France, and the clerk an enraged husband, there might be some honour in such an end; as it is, the ignominy of it is not to be removed by a paltry £1,000. On the whole, the Accidental Assurance Company—which, in all seriousness, seems a very useful and sensible institution—should revise their tariff of compensation, and take into account the moral aspect of the accidents which they have too uniformly rated.

MILD FASCINATIONS.

OF the many pleasures which belong by right to the calm paternal period of middle life, there are few more delicate and enjoyable than the study of those charming little contrivances which are used to entrap younger men. The vulgar delight of watching the pecking of two game-cocks, and the equally barbarous enjoyment of witnessing a bull-fight, fade into insignificance before this gracious pastime, in which a more or less sensitive and self-conscious young gentleman and a highly-accomplished young lady perform for our amusement. We sit enthroned as spectators, out of the range of the fragile, but dangerous, darts. We admire the happy, dexterous feints and tricks of the attacking party; we sympathize with the bewildered, fascinated, half-yielding victim. The whole theory and practice of this æsthetic fencing is now laid bare to us; we can only wonder at our folly in not having understood it better when we, also, were down in the arena, performing for the amusement of the then spectators. Was it the electric condition of the atmosphere which lent such a startling effect to a single glance from a pair of eyes? By what astounding natural law did the toss of a curly head become equivalent to a cruel fleshly wound? Through what species of idealized decomposition did the emotions so thoroughly free themselves from the mastery of the will; and how was it that the senses waged a confused battle with the intellect, until the unhappy owner of both did not know which was which? Mr. Herbert Spencer, as we know, has furnished us with an analysis of this phenomenal state; but his sketch, clever and keen as it is, reads like an attempt to give a series of physiological reasons for the incoherent actions of a madman. When we consider that one of the two persons before us is in this incomprehensibly confused and bewildered condition, and that the other, cool and collected, has her eyes upon him to watch the tenderest part in which her lances may be lodged, the unequal combat becomes interesting. Which weapon shall she use next? Will he parry the blow? Or is it not too likely that, after receiving it, he will come up once more smiling faintly, with a ghastly look of anxiety on his face, and ask his tormentor to put him out of pain at once? At this crisis any graceless levity would be out of place. The catastrophe is likely to be too serious for the spectator who has only been studying the performance for his own amusement. He turns away his head; the combatants are led off by their mutual friends; and the atmosphere of the place is freshened a little by a shower of Rimmel's essence of orange-blossoms.

Youth produces, age estimates. It is by a sort of divine instinct that a girl just entering her teens begins to stock her armoury with those implements the use of which she does not

yet understand; and it is under the same subtle direction that she cultivates all the sinuous by-play and legerdemain with which she will hereafter cover her attack. Not even while she is in the thick of the fight does she know what are her most effective weapons. It is reserved for middle age to examine and classify these. The erotic passion follows Comte's law of evolution. Primarily we have the superstitious stage represented by first love, in which two young people rub their cheeks together, like a couple of calves, with a mixture of awe and wonderment; then the metaphysical stage of courtship, in which the grown-up man and woman are anxious to explain their relative position by an appeal to the most astonishing hypotheses; and finally, the married, or scientific state, in which accurate knowledge classifies for the guidance of others. Now, if some married woman were to write a calm and comprehensive essay on the relative value of various methods of fascination, she would save her unmarried sisters a world of unnecessary anxiety and labour. The superfluous fascination thrown off in the course of a season by a girl who has no further test than the late one of results, must shock the economical female mind. A spider has to expend a little line now and again to gain a knowledge of its whereabouts; but, its web once spun, its prey is secured. We do not, of course, refer merely to the time wasted in experimenting with resultless fascinations; it is the time lost in acquiring them, to the detriment of others, which we regret. Of the strength of obvious forms of fascination women have a very accurate idea. They know the precise value of their hair, and eyes, and so forth; and of all the possible combinations of these with certain forms and colours of dress. It only requires a season or two in London to enable the freshest country girl to reckon up in hard figures the commercial worth of her "points." Naturally she starts by discounting her expectations from her father, or aunt, or uncle; and this minimum she lays down as a basis for operations. But a fine pair of eyes will entitle her to add at least £150 to the annual income which she demands with her husband. So on in proportion. She may say £50 for a good set of teeth; £100 for a handsome figure, less £50 for her rather extra height; £20 for her pretty feet, and £30 for her pretty fingers. She may not put these sums down in figures; but the process of reckoning up her natural value will be somewhat of the same, and the result quite the same. Various circumstances will modify the estimate, which a sensible girl will take into consideration. At present, for instance, everybody's bank-account seems at so preternaturally low an ebb, that young men don't seem inclined to marry at all, unless their wife can afford to keep them. These broad bases of bargain are quite well understood. There is no necessity for an amiable dowager to inform all and sundry *débutantes* that their fine face and figure ought to be worth so much or so much; and ought to have such and such an effect. These are the commonplaces of social intercourse, and they belong to an exploded school of warfare. The novel methods of attack, which the middle-aged person who is admitted to a fatherly familiarity with such secrets must have seen in cultivation, belong to a new era. Among a dozen sisters, scarcely two will be found bent on the same line of experiment. It is the gratuitously nonsensical character of many of those mild fascinations which we deplore; it is not comforting to see so much human ingenuity wasted without result. Religious millinery is one of them. We can assure our lady-readers that the soul of man was never yet touched by an elaborately embroidered altar-cloth. That form of religious millinery which sews slippers for curates is sometimes successful; but it belongs to the old-fashioned school. Another mild fascination upon which some delicate creatures of nineteen seem to set a great value just now is the exhibition of a catholic sympathy, chiefly displayed in faint protests against the cruel things said of our lady-novelists, and in the revelation of an acquaintance with the Feydeau school of Parisian writers. It costs much time, and is quite valueless. Not only must the aspirant have studied the books in question, but, to give anything like consistency to her theories, she must be prepared with a tolerably clear view of the empiric growth of morals. Otherwise, her vindication of "Sabina," or her defence of "Monsieur de Camors," will have no weight. In any case, the *ruse* is worthless; she would have done better to rely upon some such venerable fascination as a tender method of singing Irish ballads, or the skilful manipulation of her eyelashes. Another form of mild fascination coming into fashion has evidently been suggested by the *ingénue* of the French stage. It consists in the young experimenter representing herself to be an overgrown child, with the bump of wonder largely developed, and with a capacity for flattering grossly in the gravest simplicity of language. To act the character naturally requires a prodigious

amount of study and care; the least flaw in the impersonation will blow the scheme up. Then, after all, it is only successful with young men; and young men are not worth marrying. These methods of fascination are all the result of a profound self-consciousness; but there are others, being developed from day to day, which are the product of an amiable instinct. As it used to be the dream of speculative physiologists that a sufficiently powerful microscope would reveal in the seed the whole outline and conformation of the future tree, so the diligent observer sees in the as yet inapprehensive girl of twelve or thirteen the unconscious elaboration of those forces by which she will hereafter seek to accomplish her natural destiny. When the time comes for the putting into operation of these acquired powers, one is struck by the inexhaustible number of alternatives which nature supplies. If melancholy fails, mirth may win; mirth and melancholy failing, perhaps a tantalizing indifference will conquer. If moods are of no avail, the adventitious aid of music may be invoked; that also being resultless, the kitten-like wiles of coquetry may be attempted. One spot after another the patient spider tries until she finds a secure corner for the weaving of her web; and then her enemy is captured. The prudence of the most wide-awake man avails not against the subtle skill which successive years of preparation give to his opponent. But she does not gain rest after her victory. Having spent her whole life, up to a certain period, in preparing for one crisis, she only gets safely over that to find herself compelled to muster all her resources for the new emergencies of mothers-in-law and children. Fortunately, nature has taught her to find satisfaction in this ceaseless toil.

SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

NO greater compliment could have been paid to the hero of Magdala than the crowded House which assembled to agree to the vote of thanks to Sir R. Napier and the army of Abyssinia. Great numbers of members had been absent, in view of the coming general election, upon visits more or less extended to their constituents; and every one was surprised to see the body of the House so well filled at so late a period of the session. Sir Robert Napier, accompanied by his son, was in the House, under the Gallery, where he remained during the First Minister's speech. He was then compelled to leave, in order to catch the train to Windsor, and thus missed the additional gratification of listening to Mr. Gladstone's generous and eloquent eulogy, and hearing the unanimous cheers which followed the passing of the vote. Lady Napier was present and heard the speeches in the House of Lords. In the Lower House, at this period of the session, the moments are precious. In the Lords the public time being of less importance, and a disposition being shown to blow the trumpet of the Government as well as of the Abyssinian army, it took their lordships two hours and a half to get through the business which did not detain the Lower House for more than five-and-twenty minutes.

It may here be noted that grave doubts are entertained among many influential members in the Commons as to the propriety of calling Sir Robert Napier to the Upper House. If a system of life-peerage existed it might be a proper distinction to make him a life-peer, but it has been doubted for some years whether the honours of the hereditary peerage ought to be bestowed for services such as his. Lord Keane received a peerage after the capture of Ghuznee in 1839, when a pension of £2,000 a year was granted to himself and his two immediate successors in the peerage. The same precedent was followed in the case of Lord Gough. In one recent case of this kind it is understood that the peer who has inherited the title has by no means an income suitable to his rank. It is doubtful whether Sir Robert Napier, who was born in Ceylon in 1810, of parents not sufficiently distinguished to find a place in Dod, and educated at Addiscombe, has private means and estates sufficient for maintaining the dignity of the peerage after the pensions for two lives have expired. A race of needy pauper peers only bring discredit upon the Upper House. They are the creatures of the Minister of the day, who can offer them places, or promise them reversions, and they perpetuate a system of sinecures such as those upon which Lord Ellenborough and Lord Truro now fatten. It is rather ungracious for the House of Commons to interfere between the Queen, as the fountain of honour, and the Commander-in-Chief of the army of Abyssinia; but Sir Robert Napier would probably do a popular as well as a graceful act by refusing to accept a peerage, and by being content with purely military honours and promotions. The usual pension no one would grudge him, but legislation is a

science, and a soldier whose life has been spent in camps can know little of the political, financial, and constitutional questions with which the lawgiver has to deal.

The Registration Bill is safe, and will probably be ready to receive the Royal assent by the time these pages are published. It has required all the watchfulness of the Opposition to get it through the House of Commons in time. First, there was a delay in preparing the Bill; then a delay in nominating the Select Committee; then it happened that whenever this Bill was down on the paper a "count" was moved before it could be reached. One of these "counts" was successful, owing to the exertions of a Minister of the Crown in the lobby, and it had the effect of delaying the progress of the Bill about four days. An opinion has obtained currency that a whole section of the Cabinet, including Mr. Gathorne Hardy, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir S. Northcote, and the Lord Chancellor, were honourably anxious to pass this Bill, and thus secure the dissolution of Parliament in November, the Prime Minister was very lukewarm in his zeal, and regarded with anything but disfavour the attempt of some of his supporters to tide it over to a period when the Bill would be useless. Last week the Bill went through Committee, and on Monday Mr. Disraeli put it down for a third reading, but so low upon the paper that it was doubtful whether it would be reached that night. When the House met, however, Mr. Hardy took the arrangement of business out of the Premier's hands by appealing to the House to take the third reading of the Registration Bill out of its proper order, so that it might go up to the Lords that evening. Not altogether, as it was thought, to the delight of Mr. Disraeli, the Liberals immediately responded to the appeal, and the Bill, having been read a third time and passed at a few minutes before five o'clock, was by the clerk taken to the Upper House, and there read a first time before a quarter past five.

Something of the same antagonism has been observed on the Corrupt Practices Bill. The Home Secretary and the other members of the Cabinet, assisted by the Liberal party, were, on the same night, doing their best to forward the Bill, and make it a good working measure. The Premier, on the other hand, it was remarked, struck a note of lukewarmness and indifference in regard to the measure, and almost invited the opponents of the Bill to manifest a vigour and an energy sufficient to give him a plausible excuse for abandoning it. The same policy is being pursued upon the Metropolitan Foreign Cattle Market Bill. The Premier offers the Bill a *quasi* support, which almost invites the Liberals to throw it overboard. Of course, if the cattle-plague should reappear during the autumn, he will then attempt to fix upon the Opposition the odium and discredit of rejecting the Bill.

The Premier would not unwillingly have abandoned the Corrupt Practices Bill after his defeat upon Clause 10 on Monday, for the excuse for which he appeared to be straining was supplied by the large majority against the Government. The action of the Government on this subject has been vacillating in the extreme. Last session they brought in a Bill enacting that the trial of election petitions should be transferred to an independent tribunal of members to be formed from a panel named by the Speaker, with power of appeal to the House. The Bill having been referred to a Select Committee, they recommended that the jurisdiction should be taken away entirely from the House, and transferred to the Court of Queen's Bench. The Government thereupon applied to the judges, who, through the Lord Chief Justice, strongly protested on constitutional grounds against the duty sought to be imposed upon them. The Government then proposed that the jurisdiction should be transferred to a new tribunal, to be created for the trial of election petitions, consisting of three members with salaries of £2,000 a year.

This amended scheme found so little favour with the House that it was immediately abandoned. The Premier then proposed a new tribunal for the trial of election petitions. Power would be given to nominate two judges of the superior courts for the purpose, who would conduct their inquiries upon the spot. They would be called "Honorary Justices of the Court of Common Pleas," because that is the court to which election petitions are to be addressed. They would cease at once to be ordinary judges; but besides the duty of investigating controverted elections, they would act as members of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and of the Exchequer Chamber, or any other court of appeal which the new Commission on Judicature might recommend to be established.

The difficulty in dealing with the mass of election petitions which follow upon a general election appeared to be the chief objection to the plan. There are, upon an average, forty of these petitions after a general election, and two courts, conducting these inquiries upon the spot, would be quite unable to get

through this amount of business within a reasonable time. The remedy appeared to be, not to appoint two special judges for this duty, but to call upon all the judges of the Superior Courts to perform it in rotation, and to strengthen their numbers by the appointment of an additional judge to each of the three Superior Courts. The judges would then make their own arrangements for Election Petition Circuits as they now do for Assize Circuits. The Committee were nearly unanimous on Monday against the appointment of special election judges. Sir R. Palmer sharply criticised the proposal in the Bill to call the two judges "Honorary Justices of Common Pleas," with which court they would have nothing to do, and of which one at least would not be a member.

The Premier expressed an apprehension that the House of Lords would take part with the judges, and that the adoption of the amendment would lead to the rejection of the Bill by the Upper House. It was, on the other hand, argued that the House of Commons and the judges have each a separate and solemn duty to perform—the one to pass the best Bill which its collective wisdom can devise, and the other to perform the duty to which they are called by the Legislature. It behoves the judges, of all men, to show an example of cheerful obedience to the law of the land; and if the House of Commons is ready to vote salaries for three additional judges, the new duties thus imposed upon the judicial bench will not, it is believed, turn out to be too onerous. There will be a little pressure after a general election, but in ordinary years the work of the judges, it is predicted, will be relieved rather than increased by the Bill.

However, when the division was announced, there was one of the scenes with which the present Prime Minister has made us too familiar. There is a stereotyped form of Disraelian words which we have all got by heart:—"The division to which the House has just come has changed the relations in which the Government stand towards the House and the Bill, and therefore I move, but without menace, that the Chairman report progress, in order that the Government may have the opportunity of reconsidering its position!"

If the Liberal members would only give the Premier an opportunity of throwing up the Bill, and an excuse for attaching to them the discredit of its abandonment, the fate of the Bill would not, as I write, tremble in the balance. But is not the House beginning at the wrong end, and ought we not to be reminded, by some of the sleeping advocates of the ballot, that the new Reform Act, like that of 1832, cannot have a fair trial without mechanical protections against the arts of intimidation and corruption?

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Emperor Louis Napoleon, on the occasion of his visit to the camp of Chalons the other day, was received with an enthusiasm which has been attributed to the language of General Moltke, as to the necessity of Germany becoming a naval Power, and to the large vote made by the Federal Parliament for the port of Kiel. Undoubtedly the General's speech and the Parliament's vote were said to have excited an extraordinary sensation in French official quarters. But we would hope that there is a more solid reason for the ovation paid by the troops to the Emperor, which, according to the *Moniteur*, almost exceeded the bounds of strict military etiquette. It would be an insult to the chivalry of France to suppose that whenever a neighbouring Power aims at the development of its resources, the French army is to be seized with a fit of jealousy. To believe this would be practically to reduce the intellect of our neighbour to a level with that of a foolish woman who cannot see her neighbour go out in a new bonnet without losing her temper. It is more creditable to the troops at Chalons to believe that coffee and cognac for the men, and champagne and cigars for the officers, were the true source of the extraordinary fit of enthusiasm with which the Emperor was greeted.

BUT here is a story in connection with the Emperor's visit to the camp, which is worth repeating. "It is said," writes the Paris correspondent of the *Guardian*, "that a significant request was made to his Majesty by some of the ardent young heroes by whom he allowed himself to be surrounded. They expressed their desire to exchange the shako for the képi—the former was so heavy, the latter so light and agreeable to the head. 'I should have no objection, gentlemen,' replied the Emperor, 'but the Marshal here (turning to Niel) says not yet; meanwhile, let us go on with the practice of our Chasse-

pots." The correspondent explains the point of the story by observing that the shako is worn in time of peace, the képi in a campaign. But M. Rouher reiterated on Saturday his assurances of peace, and not only denied that there was either irritation or menace as regarded Prussia, but professed an entire respect for German unity, and for the principles of nationality and non-intervention. The Chalons story is not even *ben trovato*. Louis Napoleon is most unlikely to have used the words attributed to him; and the statement of M. Rouher is probably true that the personal responsibility of the Emperor in the question of peace or war is greatly exaggerated.

PRINCE MILAN having been proclaimed Prince of Servia, was anointed on Sunday in the cathedral at Belgrade. After his proclamation, he was conducted to the Topschieder, where he was received by the Skuptschina, the Servian Parliament, and afterwards held a review of the troops. The people are enthusiastically in his favour, and the Skuptschina has resolved that neither Prince Alexander Karageorgewitch, nor any of his descendants, shall ever be permitted to occupy the throne, and that every Servian shall be responsible for the life of Prince Milan. Amongst other indications of the hopelessness of any effort to promote the interests of Prince Alexander, is the assembling and encampment of sixteen hundred delegates from the popular militia throughout the country in fields upon the heights surrounding the Topschieder Park, as a measure of precaution suggested by the Government, and willingly carried out by the people, against further attempts at assassination. The young Prince commences his reign happily, and if he is fortunate in those who will hold the reins of government till he can take them into his own hands, he has a prosperous future before him.

WE learn by Atlantic Telegraph that the Democratic National Convention have announced a Platform which favours the taxation of United States' Bonds, and the payment in currency of the bonds of all public debts, except when payment in coin is expressly stipulated. This is nothing more nor less than repudiation. In the case of the United States' Bonds, the step proposed by the Convention would be a violation of the States' engagement with the public creditor, by which these bonds were declared exempt from taxation. With regard to the second case, there would be a similar breach of faith, because the Act of 1862, which prescribed the terms upon which the greater part of the public debt was contracted, at the same time that it authorized the issue of an irredeemable currency, provided that the interest on the loans should be payable in coin. It is true that the Act said nothing about the principal. But the Government quite understood that its payment was to be, like that of the interest, in coin; and whoever was Secretary of the Treasury at the time any loan under the Act was contracted assured the public that it would be repaid in gold. Probably the worst effect of the Platform will be to diminish still further the political weight of the Democratic party. They have already been divided upon this question, and all they are likely to gain in place of what they have lost is the questionable honour of reclaiming General Butler, who was a member of their party up to the breaking out of war, and who, like them, would rather repudiate debts than pay them.

SIR ROBERT NAPIER has received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, has been the guest of his Queen at Windsor, and of his fellow-subjects at the Crystal Palace, and is to be raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Napier of Magdala. He fully deserves all these honours. His achievement was not a splendid one, looking at it from the point of view from which military matters are generally regarded; but it was very great indeed from the point of view from which the British taxpayer is apt to regard it. It has also produced moral results we did not calculate upon. The organ of the St. Petersburg Exchange, and of the Russian commercial world generally, sees in the Abyssinian difficulty a proof that were any of her vital interests violated by European States, England would act as resolutely as in this African difficulty. "English policy has always been distinguished by a clear notion of the wants of the country, and the immediate aims to be striven for. It is for this reason that England, as a rule, is so unwilling to meddle with the affairs of other States, and to interfere in the complicated questions called European. With her own concerns fully occupying her, she is not very apt to be enthusiastic about 'ideas,' or to aspire to a prestige which does not produce substantial advantages. She does nothing for the sake of appearances;

but is ever ready to sacrifice her millions and pour out the blood of her sons when something worth having is at stake." This is true, and it is a tribute which we accept gladly as a spontaneous act of justice proceeding from a quarter likely to judge us dispassionately.

FROM an extract of a private letter from Alexandria, dated June 21st, which appeared in the *Daily News*, we are indebted for the following particulars of the late King Theodore's son:—"He is," says the writer, "a very intelligent and fine little fellow, of seven or eight years of age. He is under the care of Captain Speedy, to whom he is much attached, and whom he calls his father. The little fellow is somewhat timid, which perhaps is not to be wondered at after what he has passed through. If he wakes up in the night he cries out lustily until assured that his guardian is near at hand. His bed is placed by the side of the captain's. The boy is now dressed in a knickerbocker suit and straw hat. He sails hence to-morrow in her Majesty's ship *Urgent* for Portsmouth."

WE very highly appreciate the energy displayed by the Crystal Palace Company in providing the public with all sorts of entertainments, including a sight of the Duke of Edinburgh just returned from his travels, the King of Abyssinia's charger, fireworks, music, flowers, "Sir Robert Napier at half-past one, and the great fountains at two;" but may not a word be said for the unfortunate railway servants, some of whom, we hear, are obliged to work up to three in the morning and return to their duties at five the same morning. Such was the case, we are assured, with several of the guards last week, and when we take into account the responsibilities that rest with those men, it becomes a serious question that they should be permitted sufficient rest after their exertions. Surely the railway company should provide a staff for the exceptional call upon their resources, and also provide a few more carriages. The crushing and confusion after the fireworks is something dreadful, and the manner in which people with third-class tickets manage to get squeezed into first-class carriages, and *vice versa*, is a proof of the strength of numbers when the numbers are left to work out their own problems without any interference from authority. If things go on as they have lately after every fête, the destruction of some lives may be looked upon as inevitable.

THE Aëronautic Society has not been fortunate in its experiments: judging it by the hard measure of results, it might be described as more or less a failure. We must take into account, however, the great difficulties it has to contend against. Mr. Coxwell publishes a letter, in which he refers to the aerial projects exhibited at the Crystal Palace with a mixture of ridicule and contempt. There is nothing there, he says, but "the old familiar toys and plans which years and years back I had seen and shaken my head at; there were fans and modifications of screws, of clockwork springs, and planes, both inclined and at a low pitch and a very high pitch; there were heads, tails, arms, wings, feathers, and other appurtenances, but nothing that would even flutter, and as to flying, unless some wire or rope held them up, why this, the great expectation, was never realized!" Therefore Mr. Coxwell, as a practical man, who knows what it is to be up in the air a couple of thousand feet or so, will have nothing to do with the new-fangled notions which are likely to drop the projectors who trust to them, let us hope, into the ponds or fountains, where they may be pulled out and saved, like the philosophers who listened with credulity to the whisperings of science in "Rasselas." Certainly the flourish made at its meeting by the Aëronautic Society has not been followed up by any remarkable displays in the shape of experiments. Mr. Coxwell, by the way, regards the burning of the unfortunate Frenchman's balloon "as a wise interposition of Providence."

WE are aware of no better plan of acquiring news about the Queen, for instance, the writers of leading articles in the *Times*, the pedigree of a rope-dancer, or the latest private joke of the Bishop of Oxford, than by reading the London correspondence of the American journals. One of them had recently the following delicious paragraph in reference to Kellogg and Patti:—

"Both are followed by enthusiastic coteries, both are still maidens, to the despair of legions of admirers, but Patti betrays symptoms of *défaillance* that alarm her papa and agitate her indefatigable agent,

Strakosch. A certain French marquis, a naughty boy in his day, but now an equerry to the Empress, and a good-looking fellow to boot, has managed, in some unsuspecting hour, to administer a pretty strong dose of Dr. Dulcamara's mixture—the elixir of love—to the susceptible Adelina, probably ripe for the disease, and the consequence is that she is half-crazy to get married. Great efforts have been made to exorcise the poor victim and to drive away the contagious marquis, but, so far, with little hope of saving her. There is no telling now whether she is not really married, though her indignant papa denies it in the newspapers. Kellogg has the advantage of a vigilant and very knowing mamma to keep the space clear around her; but an English coronet might be too much for them both, unless they hasten back soon to the invigorating breezes of our Republican land."

In another place we are informed that the pawnbrokers of this city are in a sad plight in consequence of the changes in the shape of ladies' dresses. It is a well-known custom of London ladies in good society to pledge their dresses and buy new ones. Fashion decrees an alteration, and the poor pawnbroker is desolate with endless frounces and furbelows left on his hands, which are not worth half what he advanced for them. This, our American contemporary says, is a cause "of grief and dismay" to the pawnbroking interest.

To her Majesty's intended visit to Switzerland the *Owl* thus alludes:—"It is the present intention of her Majesty to proceed, shortly after the prorogation of Parliament, to Switzerland. It is arranged that her Majesty shall stop at Paris on her way to Lucerne, in the neighbourhood of which town a suitable residence has already been secured. The Queen will travel *incognito*, and will remain in the strictest privacy during her Majesty's absence from England."

THE dressmakers at the West-end are, it seems, assessing late work with prices sufficient to meet the penalties (if any), of which they run a slight risk, from employing women over time. Not long since a man, who had been twice fined for the offence, was let off very easily by a soft-hearted magistrate, who did not apparently see much mischief in the violation of a law made for the health and moral protection of young girls. It is a fact that at some establishments the girls are plied with beer and stout by the proprietors, and kept at their dismal stitch-work late into the night, being shuffled out at last by back-doors.

MADAME RACHEL has had her trial postponed on grounds of ill health. She surrendered to put in fresh bail on Thursday morning, her former sureties not liking to perpetuate their responsibility. She offered some others, but they were not accepted, and Madame Rachel was taken in custody, and put into Newgate Gaol. It is to be hoped the business will not suffer in her absence, and that the secret of the Balm of Arabia, and other secrets, have been confided to fit and proper artists.

ON the 15th inst. a memorial window in the Guildhall is to be presented to the Corporation of London by the Lancashire cotton operatives, by whose "penny subscriptions" it has been produced. The window is intended to commemorate the fund raised in the City and in London generally for the relief of the distress in Lancashire during the cotton famine, and which amounted to £500,000. The window will be inscribed with the names of the members of the Mansion House Committee, and a piece of plate, in the shape of a silver salver and tankard, will be presented to Mr. Gibbs, who acted as secretary to the committee. This also is the spontaneous offering of the Lancashire operatives.

A SHIP put into Queenstown harbour the other day with a large cargo of Mormons on board. They were in charge of two elders, named Smith and Johnson, and numbered about eight hundred altogether. Wales contributed more than England and Ireland put together. We commend this fact to the rectors and curates of churches in the Principality. Smith and Johnson have been collecting the lot for two years, under a commission from Brigham Young, and have travelled through the United Kingdom and the Continent, having made Clapham their head-quarters while in London. "Not many weeks ago," writes the *Cork Examiner*, "a vessel named the *John Bright*, of the same size as the *Emerald Isle*, and belonging to the same firm, left Liverpool with over six hundred Mormons. The ship *Resolute*, also belonging to Messrs. Tapscott & Co., is to

leave Liverpool in the course of a few days with about five hundred more. The contract is £2. 10s. for each adult passenger, and this money is paid to the owners in Liverpool by a man who holds the rank of President in the Mormon faith, and is styled "Brother Richard." The captains state that nothing can be more decorous and orderly than the conduct of their passengers. They spend a certain part of each day on board in prayer, work, and amusement. The hymns are in praise of Mormon doctrine, and are set to the popular airs familiar to the people who witness burlesques.

Not long since there was a public account of a scandal in a cavalry regiment to the effect that an officer had seduced his friend's wife, and that the injured husband had severely chastised the adulterer,—breaking his nose, it was said, and kicking him vigorously. There is now a rumour, which we have heard on good authority, that the Lothario of the story will be allowed to exchange into a line regiment, and that the Duke of Cambridge is about to sanction, if he has not already done so, this proceeding. The infantry ought to feel complimented by the delicate attention to be paid them.

THE Revenue Officers' Disabilities Removal Bill stands for its second reading in the House of Lords on Monday next. The Lords, it is feared, will not prove friendly to it, and will, by rejecting it, practically disfranchise 40,000 men whom the Commons have declared entitled to the franchise. Whether in this, or some future session, the Bill must ultimately be carried. It cannot be argued that a man who pays a few shillings per annum in the shape of rates in virtue of his renting a house the rent of which may be as low as £4, shall have a vote, and that a Custom House officer renting a house of £30 or £40 per annum shall not have a vote. Such a contention is frivolous. It is true the "Boards" of Customs and Inland Revenue have protested against the Bill, but it is the natural tendency of Boards to protest against anything which will profit anybody but themselves. On the other hand, the heads of departments, both in the Post Office and the Custom House, are in favour of the Bill. They feel, what their Boards have no need to feel—an exclusion which involves a reproach to their honesty and independence. That exclusion is a badge of slavery which the new Parliament, whatever the expiring one may do, will not tolerate; and the Lords will show more wisdom than they have shown recently if they sanction the Bill. Sooner or later, it must become law.

THE *Times* publishes a letter on "Vagrants" in which the practice of indiscriminate charity is severely commented on. The writer says that if the people in his district continue to render begging so profitable an occupation, we may be called upon to provide larger accommodation for the vagrants, and perhaps "a comfortable mode of conveyance for a migratory population composed of the scum of society." Into Hitchin Union, the number of tramps admitted in 1854 was 628; during the year 1867 the numbers rose to 3,526. If this increase in any way represents a general condition of things, it is no wonder that the streets are becoming more unsafe, and that ladies in the suburbs are, as we know, constantly afraid to have their windows open during the hot weather on account of the quantity of dirty, evil-looking prowlers to be seen in the neighbourhood. The *Lancet* says that if the tramps' quarters were made cleaner and the fellows compelled to wash themselves, we should find a sensible decrease in their numbers. Our contemporary supports its opinion by statistics. The places most patronized by the tramps are invariably the dirtiest, and they avoid wholesome and seemly lodgings as rats do a well-flushed sewer.

THE letters on matrimony in the *Daily Telegraph* remind us of Leech's picture of the writer of testimonials for a cosmetic, who was represented perfectly bald inditing an account of the luxuriant head of hair which had resulted from two bottles of the ——. Some of these epistles are adorned with certain graces of style, which seem to be caught from a regular perusal of the elegant journal in which they are printed. The following sentence is done after the pattern of the True and the Beautiful leaders which often ornament the columns of our contemporary. "Pegging-at-it" thus writes to his favourite paper on the subject of early marriage:—"Nay, he should strip face to face with fate, and with his foot, his best foot, upon the poetry and dead things of the past, abjure superfluities to a

shave, and put his head in the collar of everlasting prose before him."

ON Monday evening, previous to the performance of "Romeo e Giulietta" at Covent Garden, a roaring trade was done by street hawkers in false librettos of the opera. They had huge bales of Zingarelli's opera of the same title, and were offering the books for sale at sixpence less than the price asked for librettos in the house. Numbers of people were foolish enough to buy them without closely scanning the title. It was very amusing to notice the bewildered air of the purchasers turning over the leaves and endeavouring to reconcile the music they were hearing with the music they had just bought. Of course the enterprising publishers of Zingarelli's opera had nothing to do with the profits of the industrious hawkers. At the same time, however, it may be well to warn opera-goers against the trick to which we refer.

THE Parish Flower-shows, which were so successful last year, have been equally well attended this season. The advantages of such exhibitions are not confined to the mere cultivation of the plants and their humanizing influence, but insure a certain amount of light and fresh air in the dwelling-places of those who contend for prizes.

AT a recent meeting of the London Working Men's Association, under the presidency of Mr. George Potter, a resolution was adopted to the effect that a deputation from the committee of the association should wait upon the metropolitan members for the purpose of inducing them to move and support a clause in the Corrupt Practices Bill extending the hours of polling until eight p.m., so that the large numbers of working men employed during the day at long distances from their homes may have the power of recording their votes on returning from work. This request for the extension of the polling-hours is a very proper one, and we hope to see it granted.

THE Irish Poor-law board in its report maintains that the bulk of the population of Ireland who live by agriculture is much better off as to food and houses than it was eighteen years ago. Food has lessened in price, wages have increased, clothes are of a superior quality. The country has been singularly free from disease. We confess we regard those figures and the deductions made from them with some suspicion. They try to prove too much, and they do not account for emigration.

OUR contemporary, *Land and Water*, contains a letter from Mr. Henry Lee, in which that gentleman gives strong evidence in favour of a sardine and a pilchard being the same sort of fish. Mr. Lee appears to think the question solved, and wants to ventilate the great whitebait problem once more. Naturalists seem to be as much puzzled by the whitebait as literary men by the letters of Junius.

THE *Express* informs us that the French papers allude in terms of contempt to our patronage of Mdlle. Schneider. This is not to be wondered at. It is hard, however, to be called *ces barbares* (οἱ βάρβαροι) by people who have led us up, or pulled us down, to the *can-can* or its significant gestures. However, we are teaching them in return a taste for horse-flesh, and will thus have our revenge. If we could only get them to engage a few of our comic-singers, and that they gave the comic-singers an opportunity of bragging that Prince Napoleon, say, had been charmed with their "Chick-a-leary Coves," we might, after all, have the advantage of them. But racing must become still more popular in France before our music-hall songs are duly appreciated.

CONSOLS remain dull, at $94\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{7}{8}$ for money, and $94\frac{7}{8}$ to 95 for the account. There have been few fluctuations in the foreign market, but prices remain generally the same. The firmness still continues in Colonial Government securities. Dulness has prevailed in the railway market, and prices have slightly declined. A few foreign varieties, however, have advanced a point. Bank shares are without change, and there has been no business worth recording in mining shares. Prices in miscellaneous and financial shares have been steady. Prices are falling in the corn market, and business there is very dull. The partners in the firm of Peto, Betts, & Crampton have received their orders of discharge from the Bankruptcy Court.

According to a statement just issued by Messrs. Pixley, Abell, & Langley, the bullion brokers of Old Broad-street, the imports of gold and silver during the six months ending June last amounted to £15,283,910, against £10,774,787 for the corresponding period of 1867. The six months' exports reached £10,169,802, against £6,155,674. The revenue of the United Kingdom per head of population in each of the years ending 31st of March, 1857-68, was as follows:—In 1857, £2. 12s.; 1858, £2. 8s. 2d.; 1859, £2. 6s. 2d.; 1860, £2. 9s. 10d.; 1861, £2. 8s. 10d.; 1862, £2. 8s.; 1863, £2. 8s. 5d.; 1864, £2. 7s. 10d.; 1865, £2. 7s. 7d.; 1866, £2. 5s. 7d.; 1867, £2. 6s. 4d.; 1868, £2. 6s. 2d. The expenditure per head of population in 1857 was £2. 14s. 2d.; 1858, £2. 8s. 5d.; 1859, £2. 5s. 7d.; 1860, £2. 8s. 7d.; 1861, £2. 10s. 7d.; 1862, £2. 9s.; 1863, £2. 7s. 5d.; 1864, £2. 5s. 7d.; 1865, £2. 5s.; 1866, £2. 4s. 2d.; 1867, £2. 4s. 8d.; 1868, £2. 7s. 3d.

MESSRS. BARING BROTHERS & Co. have given notice that they are prepared to deliver the scrip of the Argentine loan on presentation of the bankers' receipts for the first instalment. The half-yearly dividends on the Italian 5 per Cent. Stock of 1871 is now payable at the offices of Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons. A telegram from Paris states that "the French Government have granted to Baron Emil Erlanger, of this city, and Mr. Julius Reuter, of London, an exclusive concession for 20 years to lay and work a submarine telegraph cable between France and the United States." A prospectus has been issued of the Alexandra Palace Company, with a capital of £550,000, of which £350,000 consists of ordinary shares, and £200,000 of 6 per cent. preference shares. Of the total capital, £353,000 is already paid up, including £100,000 of the preference shares, and subscriptions are now invited for the remaining £100,000 of preference shares, payable in instalments extending to the 1st of May, and of which the original allottees will be entitled to one life admission for every £100. The particulars are published of 9 bonds of letter A, 8 of letter B, and 40 of letter C, of the Egyptian Government Loan of 1862, which have been drawn for redemption at par, and also of 5 bonds of letter D, 4 of letter E, and 15 of letter F of the second issue, which have been drawn for the same purpose. The whole will be paid off on the 1st September.

THE Hudson's Bay Company have declared a dividend of 4s. per share, as recommended by the directors. The governor, Earl Kimberley, remarked at the meeting that he considered it necessary to speak with reserve respecting the negotiations now going on for the transfer of the company's territorial rights; but he added that no offer would be accepted until the whole of the shareholders have an opportunity of expressing their opinion upon it. The Bank of Bengal (Government) have declared a dividend for the half-year ended June 30 at the rate of 9 per cent. per annum. At the annual meeting of the Clergy Mutual Assurance Society the report stated that for the year ended 31st of May 277 proposals, assuring £243,220, had been completed; that the total sums assured under 4,972 life policies amounted to £4,293,610, the total income to £160,236, and the accumulated fund to £1,605,492. The Reversionary Interest Society have declared a dividend at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the current year, clear of income-tax, on the £564,025 paid-up capital. An extraordinary general meeting of the Lombard-street Improvements Company has been held at the offices, Clement's-lane, when power was given to the directors to borrow the sum of £83,000, or such part thereof, for such time and at such rate of interest and upon such terms as the directors from time to time deem expedient. At the meeting of the proprietors of the Colonial Bank the net profits for the six months were stated at £38,783, and the usual dividend of 6, and an extraordinary dividend of 1 per cent. were declared for that period, leaving £3,783 to be carried forward. The report of the Life Association of Scotland states the new policies for the past year to have been 1,308, for £608,351. The accumulated fund is £1,200,000. The Lion Brewery Company, Limited, have declared an interim dividend for the six months ended the 30th of June at the rate of £6 per cent. per annum, on both the preference and ordinary shares. The report of the General Credit and Discount Company, Limited, to be presented on the 15th inst., recommends an interim dividend at the rate of 9 per cent. per annum, and states that the business and connections of the company are making steady progress. The deposits, which stood on the 30th of June last year at £123,455, are now £1,509,796. The directors of the City Bank will declare at the meeting of shareholders, convened for the 21st inst., a dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum for the half-year ending the 30th ult.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(EIGHTH NOTICE.)

ALTHOUGH London itself seems as full as ever, there is a decided falling-off in the attendance of visitors at the Royal Academy. Greedy as the crowd of picture-lovers is, which, year after year, swarms up the steps in Trafalgar-square to the much-abused portico of Mr. Wilkins—attractive as this rendezvous continues to be, during many weeks, to young ladies desirous of displaying the elegance of their toilette, and to young gentlemen who like to gratify their taste for the fine arts and flirtation under the same roof—there comes a time at last, about midway through the season, when these young people begin to get tired either of each other or the pictures, and gradually forsake the once too-attractive haunt. We say *too-attractive*, for really except at an inconveniently early hour the Royal Academy rooms are so thronged in May and the greater part of the following month, that the most enthusiastic admirer of pictorial art runs the risk of finding his visit an irksome one. Not only is he liable to be elbowed and mercilessly pushed away from his favourite pictures; but if by chance he can manage to stand half a minute before any one of them, he will be condemned to listen to the most inane and ignorant remarks made on all sides and shouted into his ear by three-fourths of the visitors who pass by him. When *will* people learn that the fact of their having paid a shilling at the door of a picture-gallery does *not* entitle them to pass noisy criticisms on all they see, nor to read out, *ore rotundo*, for the benefit of their friends, every title and quotation which they find in the catalogue? The difficulty—we had almost said the impossibility—of carefully examining and thinking about a picture under such circumstances ought to be apparent to all who do not treat the exhibition as a mere lounge. Every man has a right to enjoy his own opinion on matters of art, but he has no right to condemn his neighbour to listen to it. Yet this is practically done every season by half the visitors to the Royal Academy. Of course, the more it is thronged the greater is this source of inconvenience, and it is therefore with some satisfaction that we find ourselves approaching a time when one may stroll round the rooms at leisure and in comparative peace and quiet.

Continuing our survey of the more notable works in the North Room, we come upon Richmond's portrait of Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bart. (584), who, unless the artist has thought fit to juvenilize this head in the same proportion as that of the Bishop of Oxford, must be one of the youngest members in the House of Commons. The treatment is refined certainly, but its refinement is of no high artistic kind; and being fully aware of Mr. Richmond's amiable but unfortunate tendency to *prettify*, we cannot help suspecting that he has painted his sitter's hands smaller than they are in life.

Mr. H. Weigall, one of the most successful of our "fashionable" portrait painters, exhibits a family group under the title of "The Rival Babies" (578), in which we recognise a likeness of the Countess of Westmorland. A full-length portrait of this lady and her daughter (109), by the same artist, hangs in the East Room. Of Mr. Faed's "Auld Crockery Man" (598), we can only say that it is a fair specimen of the class of art to which this painter rigidly adheres, but which, however interesting it may be to the general public, can never take rank among works of earnest thought or poetical invention. The careful finish and strict attention to detail which such a picture displays, carry indeed a certain amount of truth with them; but the spirit and sentiment embodied in this and similar representations of humble rustic life are of a thoroughly artificial kind, and appeal to none but the most superficial observers of nature. There is neither homely grace nor ideal beauty in this plump matter-of-fact looking woman in the chimney corner. All that we feel about her is that her good looks—and she is evidently intended to be good-looking—are of a definitively unrefined and common-place order. Now no one would feel inclined to find fault with this in a picture of mere *genre*. But when in the portrayal of such a figure we find it treated with an expression and pose of attitude which are meant to be interesting—when we find the whole scene crowded with descriptive incident which is supposed to "point a moral or adorn a tale"—it is impossible to avoid testing the entire composition by a standard of artistic taste; and by such a standard we fear this picture must be condemned. It has, however, its redeeming points, and among them may be mentioned the head of the "Auld Crockery Man" himself, which is characteristic, and painted with great ability.

Mr. Prinsep's "Study of a Girl Reading" (614), seems to us the best, as it certainly is the least ambitious work which

this artist has produced for some years past. It indicates his old fault, a want of refinement in execution,—less apparently than usual,—is broadly and dexterously handled, and excellent in tone and colour.

"The First Success" (597) by Mr. S. J. Pott, whose "Defence" exhibited last year contributed not a little to his artistic reputation, is a clever representation of an incident in theatrical life, which is sure to enlist the sympathies of a London audience. A little girl, who seems to have been enacting the part of "fairy" in a Christmas piece, is brought back from the stage by a pantomime clown whose paint-bedabbled but honest features light up with a grin of real delight as he hands the little *débutante* over to her mother, who is waiting behind the scenes with open arms to receive the child. The action of the mother is perhaps a little over-studied and dramatic, but on the whole the story is well told and treated with more power and genuine feeling than works of this kind usually display.

One of the largest pictures which we have yet seen from the easel of Mr. G. E. Hicks is the historical one which he sends this year, viz., "The Escape of the Countess of Morton to Paris with Henrietta, infant daughter of Charles I." (613). The rough gallantry of the soldiers who surround the pretty fugitive, the struggle between a desire to resent their impertinence and a fear that she will be discovered, and the childlike simplicity of her little charge, are all well suggested, without exaggeration. In composition and effect the group is somewhat scattered, but the picture, as a whole, is undeniably clever, and a great advance on this artist's previous work.

"Christmas Morning, 1866" (624). This is a remarkable and ably-wrought sea-piece by Mr. Brett, rendered in effect and colour with all the accuracy which distinguished his study of last year, but on a far larger scale. It may, perhaps, be argued by some that, being on a larger scale, this picture did not require, and rather loses in effect by, the same elaboration of detail; but, right or wrong, it is the result of skill in the exercise of which Mr. Brett stands, and seems likely to stand, unrivalled.

Mr. A. B. Clay's "Scene from Kenilworth" (638) is full of refinement in *motive*, if not exactly in execution; and as it is always easier for a painter to improve his methods of work than to reform his taste, such faults as this picture betrays are likely to disappear before increased experience. We recognise an old friend in the Knole settee, which Mr. Clay has introduced in the background of his picture; but the charm of the original furniture has been lost in an attempted modification of its design. There is much dramatic power and clever invention in the "Interrupted Duel" (639) of Mr. Marcus Stone. We need scarcely doubt that the quarrel has been about a lady. Indeed, Mr. Stone's heroine, clad in a most becoming dress of white satin, takes a prominent place in the group, and looks up with imploring eyes at the hot-headed, jack-booted youth whom she is endeavouring to restrain, but who, rapier in hand, is anxious to rush upon his adversary. Two other figures are introduced: an old woman, possibly the mother of one of the duellists, and an apothecary, both well conceived in expression and attitude. The scene is laid in front of an old half-timbered house, which forms a capital background for the picture; the date we may guess, judging from the costume, to be that of the early part of the seventeenth century. Mr. Stone has a ready eye and facile touch, and this is a good example of his powers.

Mr. F. Wyburd's "Confessional" (640) is, at least as far as accessories are concerned, a novel treatment of an old subject. On the canvas of most painters the incident is usually either invested with a pseudo-romantic interest or handled after a fashion which is meant to appeal to ultra-Protestant prejudices. Mr. Wyburd has wisely avoided these extremes by simply representing the fact of a young woman engaged in one of the religious duties of her faith, and such attractions as the picture possesses depend on the artist's pictorial skill rather than on any over-strained sentiment.

Mr. Tournier's taste has not unfrequently led him to the choice of subjects in which mediæval architecture is introduced. This year his "Cloisters" scene (656) is a work of this class, and very ably executed.

(657.) Mr. G. D. Leslie, true to his *penchant* for the costume and incident of the last century, introduces to us a weather-beaten captain of that period, whose "empty sleeve" tells of good service in his Majesty's navy, and excites the wonder of a handsome little boy who stands with his sister on a balcony overlooking the harbour. There is little incident but much character in this group.

Among other works which hang in the North Room, and which deserve a longer notice than we have now space to give, are Mr. L. Smythe's "Through the Wood" (670)—a group of

children returning home through checkered forest-shade; Mr. E. Crowe's "Mary Stuart" after her execution—a painful but striking picture; the "Via della Vita" (671) of Mr. G. M. Brennan—a cleverly treated street-scene in Rome; and the portrait of Mr. Panizzi, by G. F. Watts, R.A., which is characteristic alike of the artist and his sitter.

MUSIC.

THE Opera season is now approaching its termination—the Covent Garden establishment having announced its closing performance for Saturday week, July 25; and that of Drury Lane its "last subscription week," which doubtless implies a series of those supplemental "cheap nights" at "theatre prices," which were given at Her Majesty's Theatre for several past years.

At the Royal Italian Opera Madame Rey-Balla has, by her second appearance, made a great advance on the impression created by her *début* last Saturday week. We have already spoken of her performance on that occasion, as Valentina in "Les Huguenots," the merits of which, although considerable, were far surpassed by those of her Margherita (in "Faust"). Both parts offer some inevitable and trying comparisons,—that in Gounod's opera even more than the other,—since, within a very few years, we have seen more than a dozen representatives, mostly singers of rare accomplishments. Madame Rey-Balla's success, therefore (genuine, if not transcendent), in this arduous character, must be accepted as a proof of qualifications at least beyond the average. A less amount of nervousness than that necessarily attending a first appearance will account for the display on this subsequent occasion of a more sympathetic quality, as well as of more brilliancy, of voice; while in passion as well as pathos, in style and phrasing, the performance of Madame Rey-Balla was full of merit, both in intention and execution. In the "jewel song," in the subsequent garden-scene music, especially in that pathetic passage in which Margaret relates to Faust the desolation of her heart, and in the cathedral and prison-scenes, Madame Rey-Balla displayed excellent qualities, both as an actress and a singer, and in several instances received marked demonstrations of approval. During the past week Gounod's "Romeo e Giulietta" has been given for the first time this season, with the incomparable Juliet of Mdlle. Patti, a performance which we believe has never been approached even in its merely dramatic aspect, without consideration of the rare excellence of its added musical attributes. The series of love-duets with Romeo—in the ball-room scene, the balcony-scene, and the chamber of Juliet—were given with all that exquisite grace and poetical idealism which last season rendered the performance so remarkable. The Romeo was again Signor Mario, whose impersonation left nothing to be desired in a dramatic sense, and would have been altogether perfect but for some occasional vocal shortcomings, partly attributable to a passing hoarseness. The cast in other respects was the same as last year. On Tuesday last Mdlle. Vanzini (whose first appearance here was recorded by us in April) made a more favourable impression than hitherto by her performance as Gilda in "Rigoletto"—her bright, if not very sympathetic, voice, and her general earnestness of style calling forth considerable and frequent applause. Signor Chelli, who made his first appearance on this occasion as the Duke, has a small tenor voice of rather agreeable quality, with a good command over the higher chest notes. Although young and not very experienced in stage singing, he phrases well. His reception was sufficiently encouraging to warrant his reappearance.

The Philharmonic Society gave the last of their yearly series of eight concerts on Monday—the number to be supplemented this season by an extra complimentary concert to be given to the subscribers, at St. James's Hall, on Friday next. The performances of Monday night were rendered special by the attendance of several members of the Royal family, and the introduction of two important new works. The concerto by Herr Max Bruch, dedicated to Herr Joachim, has been several times played by this great violinist in Germany with great success, but had not been publicly performed in this country until Monday night, when Herr Straus gave an excellent interpretation of it, more than adequate to its merits, which we cannot recognise as being at all commensurate with the eulogiums that have been passed on the work by German critics. There is a great tendency among the musicians of modern Germany to accept indefinite indecision and indeterminate purpose for profound depth and subtle meaning in musical thought—mere obscurity and hesitancy being often mistaken for the luxuriousness of imagination. So it appears to us

to be with Herr Bruch's violin concerto, which is almost entirely devoid of ideas, either original or well appropriated, sufficient to justify its dimensions and pretentious style. Some skilful instrumentation it undoubtedly contains, and some effective passages of mechanical difficulty for the display of the solo player's executive powers, but of the higher attributes of musical composition it is almost entirely devoid. The "Vorspiele" (or "Prelude"), has all the rambling purposelessness of a very ordinary improvisation, with the length and assumed importance belonging only to a maturely-considered and well-constructed movement. The "Adagio" has a few passages of some grace, but of no marked individuality of character, and the finale (perhaps the best portion of the concerto) some quaintness of style. Instead of wasting the time required for the hearing of such a work, it would be much better to reiterate the one concerto (each) of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, the score or so of such works by Spohr, followed even by some of the innumerable concertos of Viotti and Rodolph Kreutzer. It is time that some of these modern German sham musical thinkers, who only think they are thinking, were put on one side, to make way for very many fine compositions, of past phases of real thought, that are now shelved in favour of pieces of mere manufacture. Mr. Benedict's new overture, "La Selva Incantata," composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society and first performed at the concert now referred to, contains some agreeable writing, fanciful and melodious, instrumented with the practical skill of a master of orchestral effect. A few preliminary notes for the horn, followed by some passages for string and wind instruments suggestive of forest gloom and mystery, lead to a well-constructed "allegro," based on an extremely pleasing and graceful *motivo* which lingers in the ear after the close of the work. This subject is treated with power and effect, with well-contrasted episodes, and some brilliant climaxes; the overture subsiding into a short "maestoso" of calm and tranquil character. It was received with much and deserved applause. The other instrumental pieces were Haydn's symphony known as "La Danse des Ours," Beethoven's Symphony in F (No. 8), Auber's "Exhibition" Overture, and Mendelssohn's second pianoforte concerto, spiritedly played by Herr Lubeck. Mdlle. Nilsson, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and Signor Bettini were the vocalists.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Hanover Square. Nos. 8 and 9, June and July. (Messrs. Ashdown & Parry.)—This musical serial goes steadily on its way, offering monthly its two vocal and two pianoforte pieces expressly composed for it. The instrumental solos in the numbers before us are a graceful Andante ("Lullaby") by Mr. Charles Salaman; a brilliant march, "La Vivandière," by M. E. de Paris; a pleasing nocturno, "A Moonlight Walk," by Mr. G. Osborne; and an impromptu "Hunting Song," by Mr. Heap, in the impetuous six-eight rhythm appropriate to the music of the chase. The songs are, "O fair dove, O fond dove," by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, whose name is always a surety for grace of style and careful finish; "Sunshine after cloud," by Miss Gottschalk—in a simple and unaffected ballad style—a "slumber-song of placid and soothing character," by Mr. Leaf, and an "old wife's song," "Nobody's nigh to hear," by Mr. G. Macfarren, which certainly deserves a better fate than that indicated by its burden.

Exeter Hall, Nos. 5 and 6 for June and July (Metzler & Co.), still preserves the sacred character with which it started, as intended for Sunday evening domestic use. The June number contains, besides other pieces, selections from "Israel in Egypt," arranged for the piano, by Dr. Rimbault, and a neat woodcut view of the old Music Hall in Fishamble-street, Dublin, where Handel's "Messiah" was first performed (in April, 1742). These features are peculiarly appropriate to the number of the publication issued in the month of the Handel Festival. The July number contains a recitative and air, "Joy cometh," by Mr. John Hullah, in which the text is expressed with much serious feeling; and various other pieces of sacred music.

Part-music. Edited by John Hullah. (Longmans.)—Part VIII. of the reissue of the sacred series of this cheap collection of concerted vocal music comprises motets by Bernard Klein and Zingarelli; anthems by Doctors Alcock and Child; the hundredth psalm; and a canon by the late William Horsley, the celebrated glee composer. The cheapness of the publication places some of the best productions of vocal music within the reach of the humblest purchasers.

Memories (Ashdown & Parry), and *On the Deep Blue Sea* (Duff & Stewart), are songs by Mr. Gordon Saunders—the first smooth and melodious in its vocal phrases; the second with much of the robust nautical character.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

SELDEN'S "TABLE TALK."*

JOHN SELDEN was one of the most noteworthy men of an age prolific in genius and in strongly developed characters of all kinds. He was remarkable not more for his intellectual grasp than for the distinctiveness and self-reliance of his powers. In an epoch of passion, vehemence, and fanaticism—of extreme convictions on both sides, often rising into heroism, and as frequently descending into pettiness—he preserved a singularly calm, balanced, and rational frame of mind; and while men generally were carried on by the rapture of enthusiasm to extreme conclusions, which admitted of no compromise, and could only be finally settled by the actual shock of civil war, he sat out of the noise, committing himself absolutely to neither party, but judging everything by the clear, cold light of criticism and reason. Selden was one of the great Liberal thinkers of the seventeenth century. He was opposed to Charles I. in his quarrel with the people of England; yet he cannot be said to have been a partisan of the Republicans and the Puritans. He saw too many extravagances and assumptions on their side, as well as on that of the Royalists, to allow of his going the whole way with them. To be a partisan requires a more passionate disposition than Selden's; indeed, he seems to have been absolutely devoid of passion, and to have brought all things to the bar of a rigorous and exacting logic. Though working in the main towards the same ends as Milton, it is impossible to conceive any two minds more distinct. Milton was pre-eminently a poet; Selden was pre-eminently a lawyer. The one shed the rays of his great intellect through the parti-coloured media of feeling, emotion, fancy, and imagination; the other struck the white light of naked reason direct upon his page, unqualified and untinged. Selden was a much older man than Milton when they were both working together, and this may have helped his natural temperament in maintaining a cooler habit of thought. When the civil war broke out, he was not far short of sixty, and even during the previous disputes he was getting elderly, while Milton was still in all the ardour of young manhood. Selden's deliberate, undogmatical tone is admirably reflected in a paragraph of his "Table Talk," under the head of "Question":—

"When a doubt is propounded, you must learn to distinguish, and show wherein a thing holds, and wherein it does not hold. Ay, or no, never answered any question. The not distinguishing where things should be distinguished, and the not confounding where things should be confounded, is the cause of all the mistakes in the world."

We see the same thing in the discourse on "Reason":—

"The Reason of a Thing is not to be enquired after till you are sure the Thing it self be so. We commonly are at 'What's the Reason of it?' before we are sure of the Thing. 'Twas an excellent Question of my Lady Cotten, when Sir Robert Cotten was magnifying of a Shooe, which was Moses's or Noah's, and wondring at the strange Shape and Fashion of it: 'But, Mr. Cotten,' says she, 'are you sure it is a Shooe?'"

Even in matters of love he preserved the same equanimity and critical temper. "I may affect a woman best, but it does not follow I must think her the handsomest woman in the world." Other men may, if they like, live in a fool's paradise: he will recognise nothing but the bare facts of the case.

It was towards the close of 1584 that Selden was born, so that he may be ranked among the Elizabethans. His native place was Salvington, a hamlet in Sussex, not far from Worthing. Mr. G. W. Johnson, who published some memoirs of Selden in 1835, says that the cottage in which he was born—which was known as Lacies, and was the residence attached to a farm of about eighty-one acres—was then remaining; but, as he immediately afterwards adds that the date 1601 was on its front, it is impossible that it can have been the actual building in which the great scholar drew his first breath. He may, however, have passed some of his early years there; and a Latin distich, carved on the inside of the lintel of the outer door, is said to have been of his composition. He is reported to have written it when only ten years old; but, if so, it could not have been carved in the woodwork of the door until a later period, if we are to place any faith in the date on the house-front. The father of John Selden was apparently of rather humble origin. In the parish register of West Tarring, he is described, in connection with the baptism of his illustrious son, as "the minstrell;" and tradition says it was by the exercise of his musical art that he obtained his wife, who was descended from the knightly family of the Bakers of Kent. The youth

* English Reprints. John Selden. Table Talk. 1689. Carefully edited by Edward Arber, F.R.G.S., &c. London: Alexander Murray & Son.

Selden, destined in after years to achieve so great a name, had the rudiments of his education at the Free School at Chichester (which favours the supposition that his father was not a man of wealth or high social position), and was afterwards, by the interest of his schoolmaster, who was probably attracted by so apt a scholar, entered at Hart Hall, Oxford, where, says Anthony à Wood, "he was instructed in logic and philosophy for about three years, which with facility he conquered." Aubrey gives an odd account of him at this period:—"Sir George Mompesson told me that Selden was a long scabby-pol'd boy, but a good student." In 1602, when only seventeen years of age, he became a member of Clifford's Inn, and two years after removed to the Inner Temple, where his chambers were in Paper-buildings, looking towards the garden. Here, says Aubrey, "he had a little gallery to walk in," and "was quickly taken notice of for his learning." Considering that he was now not more than nineteen, it must be admitted that the "long scabby-pol'd boy" had made good use of his opportunities at Hart Hall and the Inner Temple. His nature seems to have been essentially studious and retiring, and, probably for this reason, he never appeared publicly at the bar, but confined his legal practice to chamber-counsel and conveyancing. "A strong body and vast memory," according to Wood, enabled him not only to run through all the legal erudition of his time, but to become "a prodigy in most parts of learning, especially in those which were not common, or little frequented or regarded by the generality of students of his time. So that in few years his name was wonderfully advanced, not only at home, but in foreign countries, and was usually styled the great dictator of learning of the English nation." His library was famed for its choice MSS. and printed books, and he had a habit of writing on the title-page or fly-leaf of these volumes the words *περί παντός τὴν ἐλευθερίαν* ("Above all things, Liberty")—which, again to quote Wood, was "to show that he would examine things, and not take them upon trust." In 1607, when he was twenty-two, he published his first work, "Analecton Anglo-Britannicon," and five years afterwards furnished Drayton with notes to the first eighteen cantos of his "Polyolbion." The latter are sufficiently ample to make a book in themselves, and are full of curious historical, legendary, and topographical knowledge, conveyed, however, in a rather involved and crabbed style. Of Selden's other works, the most celebrated are his "History of Tithes" (1618), and his "Mare Clausum," in answer to Grotius's "Mare Liberum" (1635). The former got him into great trouble. Although, as he himself states, it was duly licensed by the censor of the press, it was no sooner printed than certain jealous courtiers represented to the King (James I.) that it had a dangerous tendency, and the author was summoned to appear before the monarch at Theobalds. He went there, accompanied by Ben Jonson and a fellow-Templar, and had a long conference with the King, who appears to have treated him with great courtesy. He afterwards had another interview with his Majesty at Whitehall, and was then cited before the High Commission Court at Lambeth, and obliged to recant and beg pardon for the publication of so audacious an attack on the divine right of tithes—much as Galileo, about the same time, was compelled to deny the truth of the Copernican system before the Inquisition. Selden's work was suppressed by the High Commission Court, and this usage, observes Wood, "sunk so deep into his stomach" that he ever afterwards showed small love to the bishops and clergy. In the collection of "Table Talk" now before us, Selden says that this very work on tithes, which churchmen so bitterly opposed, contained "more arguments for them than are extant together anywhere." But they are purely legal arguments, and set aside the *Jus Divinum*, which was what the clergy specially stickled for. On this part of the subject, Selden says, in his pithy way, in the work under notice:—

"'Tis ridiculous to say the Tythes are God's part, and therefore the Clergy must have them: Why, so they are if the Layman has them. 'Tis as if one of my Lady Kent's Maids should be sweeping this Room, and another of them should come and take away the Broom, and tell for a Reason why she should part with it: 'Tis my Lady's Broom.' As if it were not my Lady's Broom which of them soever had it."

Towards the close of James I.'s reign, Selden became a member of Parliament; and he greatly distinguished himself during the troublous days of Charles I. by his learned advocacy of popular rights. Whitelocke, in his "Memorials," paints an admirable picture of the man at this time. He writes:—

"Divers Members of both Houses, whereof I was one, were Members of the Assembly of Divines, and had the same Liberty with the Divines to sit and debate, and give their Vote in any Matter which was in consideration amongst them: In which Debates Mr.

Selden spake admirably, and confuted divers of them in their own Learning. And sometimes, when they had cited a Text of Scripture to prove their Assertion, he would tell them, 'Perhaps in your little Pocket Bibles with gilt Leaves' (which they would often pull out and read) 'the Translation may be thus, but the Greek or the Hebrew signifies thus and thus;' and so would totally silence them."

During the latter years of his life, Selden was the husband of the Countess Dowager of Kent, and maintained two grand establishments—one at Wrest, in Bedfordshire, the other at Whitefriars in London—both of which had belonged to the Earl, to whom Selden had been solicitor and steward. "He kept a plentiful table; and was never without learned company," says Aubrey; and it was probably in association with this "learned company" that the "Table Talk" was delivered. Like most scholarly men, Selden was of an indolent disposition as regards the active pursuits of the world. He loved his lettered ease better than the grandeurs of state, and he refused some appointments which he might have had. His declining years seem to have been passed in placidity and honour, and when he died, on November 30th, 1654, wanting only a few days of seventy, he was buried with great ceremony and magnificence in the Temple Church. All the judges were mourning, and Archbishop Usher preached the funeral sermon. There were those who said that Selden was in heart an infidel, and inclined to the opinions of Hobbes of Malmesbury; but Baxter relates, on the authority of Sir Matthew Hale, that he was a great adversary of Hobbes, and would often stoutly dispute with him; and the Earl of Berkeley, in his "Historical Applications," says that Selden, shortly before his death, made a profession of the Christian faith to Archbishop Usher and the Rev. Dr. Langbaine. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether his views on this subject were satisfactory to zealots of any order. To such his religion must have appeared singularly cold, cautious, and rational. It seems, indeed, always to have been more an affair of the head than of the heart. His tendencies were certainly not devotional; he was not an enthusiast in anything. That this absence of the poetical element detracted somewhat from his greatness cannot be doubted. In reading him, one is sensible of the want of a certain exaltation of mind—of grandeur, warmth, and intuition. It is all exquisite analysis, subtle disintegration of parts, sagacious examination of the elements of thought, with a tendency to destroy rather than to construct. The habit of his intellect was the sceptical habit: not in the sense of absolute disbelief (for that is only another form of positive assertion), but in the sense of a prudent withholding from confident conclusions. The effect of this may be sometimes depressing, though it is relieved by the humour, sprightliness, and good nature of the man; but such a quality is not without its advantage, and that a very great advantage. It is no slight gain at any time—seeing how prone men are to assume that they have actual knowledge where they have only speculative opinion, and to persecute one another on account of their foolish dogmatisms—to find a thinker who makes the rule of his life a tolerant and charitable doubt in all matters that are fairly open to dispute; and in Selden's days of fanaticism and mutual hatred the influence of such a disposition must have been as valuable as ice in fever. It is truly astonishing that in the middle of the seventeenth century a man not professedly a "Hobbit" should have had the courage to utter such an opinion as this:—

"We can best understand the meaning of *σωτηρια*, Salvation, from the Jews, to whom the Saviour was promised. They held that themselves should have the chief place of happiness in the other world; but the Gentiles, that were good men, should likewise have their portion of Bliss there too. Now by Christ the Partition-Wall is broken down, and the Gentiles that believe in him are admitted to the same place of Bliss with the Jews; and why then should not that portion of Happiness still remain to them who do not believe in Christ, so they be morally good? This is a charitable opinion."

In a similar vein are these thoughts on religion:—

"Religion is like the Fashion: one Man wears his Doublet slash'd, another lac'd, another plain; but every Man has a Doublet. So every Man has his Religion. We differ about Trimming."

"Men say they are of the same Religion for Quietness sake; but if the matter were well Examined you would scarce find Three anywhere of the same Religion in all Points. . . ."

"Question. Whether is the Church or the Scripture Judge of Religion? Answer. In truth neither, but the State. I am troubled with a Boil; I call a Company of Chirurgeons about me; one prescribes one thing, another another; I single out something I like, and ask you that stand by, and are no Chirurgeons, what you think of it: You like it too; you and I are Judges of the Plaster, and we bid them prepare it, and there's an end. Thus 'tis in Religion; the Protestants say they will be judged by the Scripture; the Papists say so too; but that cannot speak. A Judge is no Judge, except he can both speak and command Execution; but the truth is they never intend to agree. No doubt the Pope, where he is Supream, is to be Judge; if he say we

in England ought to be subject to him, then he must draw his Sword, and make it good. . . ."

"The State still makes the Religion, and receives into it what will best agree with it. Why are the Venetians Roman Catholics? Because the State likes the Religion: All the World knows they care not Three Pence for the Pope. The Council of Trent is not at this day admitted in France. . . ."

"Disputes in Religion will never be ended, because there wants a Measure by which the Business would be decided. The Puritan would be judged by the Word of God: If he would speak clearly, he means himself, but he is ashamed to say so; and he would have me believe him before a whole Church, that has read the Word of God as well as he. One says one thing, and another another; and there is, I say, no Measure to end the Controversie. 'Tis just as if Two men were at Bowls, and both judg'd by the Eye: One says 'tis his Cast, the other says 'tis my Cast; and having no Measure, the Difference is Eternal. Ben Johnson Satyrically express'd the vain Disputes of Divines by Inigo Lanthorne, disputing with his Puppet in a Bartholemew Fair: It is so; It is not so; It is so; It is not so; crying thus one to another a quarter of an Hour together."

We can well understand that such opinions were equally offensive to Puritans and Papists; and dogmatists of all schools must have been not a little scandalized by the following:—

"The People must not think a thought towards God, but as their Pastours will put it into their Mouths: they will make right Sheep of us."

"The English Priests would do that in English which the Romish do in Latin, keep the people in Ignorance; but some of the people out-do them at their own Game."

"Prayer should be short, without giving God Almighty Reasons why he should grant this, or that: he knows best what is good for us. If your Boy should ask you a Suit of Cloaths, and give you Reasons (otherwise he cannot wait upon you, he cannot go abroad but he shall discredit you) would you endure it? You know it better than he: let him ask a Suit of Cloaths. . . ."

"I could never tell what often Preaching meant, after a Church is settled, and we know what is to be done; 'tis just as if a Husbandman should once tell his Servants what they are to do, when to Sow, when to Reap, and afterwards one should come and tell them twice or thrice a Day what they know already. You must Sow your Wheat in October, you must Reap your Wheat in August, &c."

"The main Argument why they would have two Sermons a day is, because they have two Meals a Day; the Soul must be fed as well as the Body. But I may as well argue, I ought to have two Noses, because I have two Eyes, or two Mouths, because I have two Ears. What have Meals and Sermons to do one with another? . . ."

"Preachers say, Do as I say, not as I do. But if a Physician had the same Disease upon him that I have, and he should bid me do one thing, and he do quite another, could I believe him?"

And again:—"To preach long, loud, and damnation is the way to be cried up. *We love a man that damns us*, and we run after him again to save us." One of the most amusing passages in the book, by the way, is Selden's story of a person from whom he cast out devils. The contrast of the hysterical nature of the one man with the calm, self-centred intellect of the other is full of dramatic character:—

"A Person of Quality came to my Chamber in the Temple, and told me he had two Devils in his head (I wonder'd what he meant), and just at that time one of them bid him kill me (with that I begun to be afraid, and thought he was mad): he said he knew I could Cure him, and therefore intreated me to give him something, for he was resolv'd to go to no body else. I perceiving what an Opinion he had of me, and that 'twas only Melancholy that troubl'd him, took him in hand, warranted him, if he would follow my directions, to Cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me be alone about an hour, and then to come again, which he was very willing to. In the mean time I got a Card, and lapt it up handsome in a piece of Taffata, and put strings to the Taffata, and when he came gave it to him, to hang about his Neck; withal charged him, that he should not disorder himself, neither with eating or drinking, but eat very little of Supper, and say his Prayers duly when he went to Bed, and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time I went to Dinner to his House, and askt him how he did? He said he was much better, but not perfectly well, or in truth he had not dealt clearly with me: he had four Devils in his head, and he perceiv'd two of them were gone, with that which I had given him, but the other two troubled him still. Well, said I, I am glad two of them are gone; I make no doubt but to get away the other two likewise. So I gave him another thing to hang about his Neck: three days after, he came to me to my Chamber, and profest he was now as well as ever he was in his life, and did extremely thank me for the great care I had taken of him. I, fearing least he might relapse into the like Distemper, told him that there was none but my self, and one Physitian more in the whole Town, that could Cure the Devils in the head, and that was Dr. Harvey (whom I had prepar'd) and wisht him if ever he found himself ill in my absence to go to him, for he could Cure his Disease, as well as myself. The Gentleman lived many Years and was never troubl'd after."

In politics, Selden, as Mr. Arber correctly points out, contended for the supremacy of law, by which, as long as it remained unrescinded, both king and people were bound. Monarchy was but the result of a contract made by the people with a particular ruler, for convenience sake: if the king broke the terms of the contract—in other words, violated the law—the people could set him aside. Marriage, he contends, is only a civil contract. "There's no such thing as spiritual

jurisdiction: all is civil." "The Church runs to *Jus Divinum*, lest, if they should acknowledge what they have they have by positive law, it might be as well taken from them as given to them." In short, Selden's idea of the State was secular. Religion was a matter for the individual soul and conscience.

For the admirable collection of sayings which we have been considering we are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Richard Milward, Selden's amanuensis, who, in his dedication to Mr. Justice Hale and two other gentlemen, says that "the sense and notion" of the matter were wholly Selden's, "and most of the words." Milward alludes to "the familiar illustration" with which the discourses are set off, and in which he says his deceased friend "was so happy that (with a marvellous delight to those that heard him) he would presently convey the highest points of religion, and the most important affairs of State, to an ordinary apprehension." This is perfectly true. Selden's fertility of illustration, as shown in his "Table Talk," is marvellous, and often evinces the existence in his mind of a singularly happy vein of humour and kindly irony. Such a book cannot be too often reproduced, and all scholars will feel indebted to Mr. Arber for this cheap and excellent edition.

CANADA.*

We had hoped that Mr. MacMullen had succeeded in giving us a history of Canada to satisfy the wants of the active politician and the *littérateur*. But this he has failed to do. His book has much in it which is commendable. The style is simple and natural, and the writer is not without power in describing the more stirring incidents with which he has to deal. Nor can we impugn the arrangement of his subject. But in its perusal we fail entirely to get beneath the ordinary run of historical events; for he chronicles them as they are narrated in Annual Registers. The influences and jealousies of trade, the advance from a primitive to a refined civilization, the progress of law, the changes of political thought, the slow growth of constitutional guarantees, receive no analysis in this volume. The events, the precursors of change, are only incidentally mentioned, and we go from one set of scenes to another, much as in the railway we pass through our journey. As they are here narrated, they leave but little impression on the attention. Yet this book, with all its imperfections, is useful, for it groups together with a certain skill the leading features of Canadian history. We do not, however, see that the author really gives us anything original. We learn from a note [p. 472] that the work itself is a reprint of an edition published in 1855. Brockville, from whence it is dated, is a small town on the St. Lawrence, at the foot of the Thousand Islands, and there is nothing to lead us to suppose that this longitude is favourable to the possession of any special information. The sources of Canadian history are manifold. Mr. Garneau, of Quebec, has bestowed much care in utilizing those which are the foundation of his narrative of the French domination. Mr. Christie, formerly member for Gaspé took up the subject after the conquest, and brought it down to within the last twenty years. Smith and Heriot have also each produced a history of Canada, and they are the authors the most generally quoted as authorities by Mr. MacMullen. The early writings of the French discoveries, and of that period of government, are very numerous, and memoirs of the later years are not wanting. The original portion of Mr. MacMullen's book is the political history of Upper Canada—for the events of the war of 1812 have had many annalists—from its settlement to the union of 1841, and the subsequent grouping of events to the Imperial Act of last year, which formed the "Dominion" of Canada. In its way it has its value; but it cannot be accepted as the history of the times. It is loosely written, and not without prejudice; and we can trace no effort to go beyond newspaper assertions. It does not appear that Mr. MacMullen has had any particular opportunities of judging the current of events, or that he has in any way been thrown within their influence. In the majority of instances he gives no references for what he states. Some of his foot-notes make the reader smile. Thus we have Hume given as an authority that Henry VII. encouraged Cabot; and we are directed to Russel's "Modern Europe" for the fact that the French commenced hostilities in 1756 by an attack of Minorca, while generally there is an utter absence of reference for what is important. We have to take everything on faith, and this is not happy when we are unable to say that Mr. MacMullen is always correct. Mr. Francis Hincks is stated to have been

"solaced for the loss of his Canadian influence by the honour of knighthood" (p. 530); whereas he is still Mr. Hincks. Mr. Aylwin (p. 497) is mentioned as Solicitor-General of Upper Canada, when he held that office for Lower Canada—an important distinction in many respects. We must take exception also to much towards the close of the work. The constitutional difficulties of Lord Metcalf's time are slurred over, and their character very imperfectly set forth. The narrative of the riots arising out of the Rebellion Losses Bill in Lord Elgin's day is equally unsatisfactory; and the same may be said of the account of the Gavazzi riots. Nevertheless we must concede to Mr. MacMullen a fair share of industry; his effort doubtless having been to produce a useful book. We have, however, to complain that this volume is without a sufficient index—an unpardonable omission. Even as it is, however, the volume is to some extent valuable to all who desire to know the history of the Dominion, or who are in any way identified with the social life and politics of Canada.

The epochs of Canadian history are distinctly marked. The first embraces the French dominion to 1760; the second includes the separate existence of Upper and Lower Canada, with independent Legislatures; the third, from 1841, the date of their union, which constituted Canada a single province, comes down to the present day. The last epoch alone possesses commercial importance, for in that time the chain of canals—the key to Canadian prosperity—has been constructed. The population has increased from 1,100,000 to 2,500,000. The revenue has grown from \$1,200,000 to \$13,000,000. And, to borrow an illustration of prosperity from the United States, the funded debt has increased from seven millions of dollars to about sixty millions, taking account of the sinking fund. We are not indebted to Mr. MacMullen for these figures, having sought them elsewhere. Indeed, it is only here and there that we find any figures at all in the volume. We should like to have seen this large debt explained. But we doubt the possibility; for what the Canadians call their balance-sheet, published in their Blue-books, is equally untrustworthy. It will hardly be credited, but the auditors appointed by law seem to be quite ignorant of the difference between capital and revenue. Thus we say, after a careful study of the subject, that the actual cost of any public work of Canada is unknown. The primitive proceeding is adopted of charging every expense to the work, making not the slightest difference between construction proper and renewal and maintenance. The canals are, accordingly, put down much above their actual cost, simply to swell the apparent assets of Government. On a fair estimate, the St. Lawrence canals pay about $\frac{3}{4}$ and the Welland $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. beyond the expense of management and repairs. Most of the other works are unproductive. Certainly, no one can accuse the province of want of sympathy with the railways constructed in its territory, for the Exchequer has advanced to the Grand Trunk Railway upwards of fifteen million dollars; to the Great Western nearly three millions; and to the Northern Railway from Toronto to Lake Huron two and a quarter millions—upon which no interest has been received, or, at all events, but little. At the same time the general Government is the creditor of the Municipalities, for bonds guaranteed for improvements, to the amount of seven and a half millions. It is this unfortunate debt of Canada which explains the antipathy of Nova Scotia to confederation. For it engenders a high tariff to pay its interest, whereas Nova Scotia desires a low tariff that it may receive cheap goods in exchange for its exported fish.

Although Canada was discovered by Jacques Cartier, in 1534, he did nothing effectual towards the settlement of the country. Cartier gave its present name to the St. Lawrence, and penetrated to Hochelaga, the mountain of which he ascended, naming it Mont Royal—Montreal. He also passed a winter at Quebec, and was favourably received by the natives.

The real founder of La Nouvelle France was Samuel Champlain; and the first settlement was made by him at Quebec, 1608, sixty-seven years after Cartier's abandonment of his project. The first child, both parents being European, was born in 1621. For nearly two centuries, until 1760, the province remained subject to France; and although many of the memorials of this possession may pass away when even the French language itself has become a thing of the past, the system of law which was then introduced may possibly remain an eternal monument of the first dominion. Champlain was a man perfectly adapted to the emergency in which he was found. The blot on his character is that he allowed his Indian allies to torture their prisoners, a recognition of service claimed by the savage as the price of his aid, and admitted by each succeeding French governor, even down to 1755, when at the defeat of Braddock, on his advance to Fort Du Quesne, some of the unhappy British Grenadiers, taken prisoners, were

* The History of Canada, from its First Discovery to the Present Time. By John MacMullen. Brockville: MacMullen & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Toronto: Chewett & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

daubed in black, and marched to torture. Champlain's discoveries, viewed by the means at his disposal, were marvellous. He ascended the Richelieu River to the lake which bears his name. He passed up the Ottawa to Lake Huron, and gave the impetus to that spirit of discovery which a century later led Joliette to learn the course of the Mississippi and La Salle to descend its waters to the Gulf of Mexico. The existence of this great stream was, however, believed by Cartier, from the description of the Indians. It is not generally known that Quebec was ceded to the English during the French wars, which Buckingham incited in the reign of Charles I., 1629. The French ambassador in London had much the opinion which Voltaire gave in *Candide*, "that Canada was merely *quelques arpents de neige*," not worth a contest, and which in spite of experience is still remembered to defame its pleasant and healthy climate. So the restoration of it seemed to him a very unimportant matter. Champlain, however, had sufficient influence with Richelieu for a different view to prevail, and a re-transfer to the French Crown followed. With peace came quieter times and, as population increased, the priests became powerful. The Jesuits were now firmly seated in Canada, and they were powerful enough to dictate as a principle of government that heresy should be extinguished. So to convert the heathen and to extirpate the recusant, became the doctrine of that day. The devotion of the Jesuit fathers in the former efforts called forth great fortitude, courage, and self-sacrifice. But the tone they gave to religious thought was the encouragement of ignorance and superstition. It results that the Canadian *habitant* of the remote parishes is still superstitious and bigoted, and his prejudices are difficult in the extreme to overcome. Besides, the priests were constantly interfering with the Executive, and scarcely a governor escaped personal difficulties with them. During the whole of this period, with but few intermissions, the Indian wars continued. In reality they were a struggle for commerce. The question being whether furs should pass by Oswego and by the Mohawk to Albany, where the Indians were supplied by the Dutch and English traders, or whether they should descend the St. Lawrence to Quebec. At this day the contest continues. We have the same competition, whether the Western States shall send their produce by the Erie Canal and the Hudson to New York, where they will purchase their merchandise, enriching the New York importer and broker; or whether the dwellers in the Western States shall seek the ocean by the natural outlet, the St. Lawrence, in sea-going vessels, and so become their own exporters and importers. The whole policy rests with the Government of Canada, and depends on the outlay for deepening and enlarging the St. Lawrence and Welland canals. But the difficulty has ever been that, since the days of Lord Sydenham, Canada has never had a policy, and is literally without one at this moment. The whole effort of dominant politicians being to secure the triumph of party, and to further individual interest. The melancholy condition of the Grand Trunk Railway is purely attributable to the political causes, which overweighted it with useless additions, and which cumbered it with obligations having no good tendency but to advance the personal fortunes of those who assumed them. Indeed, it is this spirit of legislation which has created the great debt of Canada, for which so little can be shown. The transfer of New York to England in 1682 reduced the question to a very narrow limit. It really was whether Great Britain or France should rule Northern America, for it was evident they could not govern side by side. The influence of Louis XIV. over Charles II. and his brother led to great restrictions being placed on English governors. The accession of William III. of course removed this objection. But the European wars of his reign and that of Anne, made the battleground of America of secondary consideration. But even in 1690 the conquest of Canada was attempted as a provincial policy, and a costly expedition was taken against Quebec, which resulted in failure. Indeed the condition of Canada until the conquest was a chronic state of war. Both sides had their reverses and their triumphs, the most ignominious on the part of the English being the defeat of Braddock in 1759. It was in these wars that the British colonist of the present United States was learning his soldieryship to defeat the wretched drivellers who a few years later were sent from England to subdue them. Not that much ability was needed, for a more incompetent set of incapables never existed to defile a national escutcheon. And the time soon followed when these qualities were to be called forth. When Quebec fell to Wolfe, much of the attachment to England declined in America. Had a French nationality remained on the north of the St. Lawrence, there would still have been cause for the "*idem velle idem nolle*" which binds men together, and American independence

would perhaps have been long delayed. Possibly with our altered system of government it might not have taken place as it did. For there cannot be a doubt that the leading statesmen of the present day would form not the faintest opposition to the separation of Canada from the Imperial system, if the feeling were generally apparent that she desired to retire from the connection. Indeed, there can be no link with our distant possessions but those of love and sympathy on each side. The separation of the United States from the mother country led to the settlement of Western Canada. The emigrants passed the St. Lawrence at its accessible communications from their affection and devotion to the old connection. Few living with the luxury of pavements and gaslights, can conceive the sufferings of the U. E. loyalists—so called from their adherence to a United Empire—in abandoning their property, their associations, all they held dear, all that made life of value, to go into the wild bush, without roads and without any intercourse with the world, simply because it was still British territory. But they were sustained by the great principle of what they held to be duty, and it is from this uncompromising and self-sacrificing race that sprang the generation who held Canada against the United States during the war of 1812, often at desperate odds, always at great personal sacrifice, but with unvarying constancy and gallantry, and with the proud feeling of not losing an acre of Canadian ground. We may safely leave their descendants to deal with the proposed invasion which the few turbulent spouting Fenians are again threatening. It is to be hoped that on this occasion there will be no want of concert, and that the authorities will act with prudence and with judgment and with some combination, and that the invaders will receive a lesson which will never be forgotten. There should be no false tenderness.

The progress of Canada during the last quarter of a century—the period of the union—is everywhere recognisable. The province has completed its canal communications for interior navigation; railways traverse the land; roads and bridges have been constructed; the principle of responsible government established; the seigniorial tenure of Lower Canada has been removed, the good effect of which measure has been yet but partially felt; and an Act which settled the religious animosities growing out of the clergy reserves, has become law. The increase in material prosperity has been equally solid. Schools have become numerous, and have risen in tone. The reputation which the universities have attained draws students from the United States, and education is working its influence in giving refinement to wealth. But the prospect is not of unmixed satisfaction. What Canada especially needs is to rise above the spirit of party, and to adopt a defined policy with respect to the canals, deepening and enlarging them, so that the St. Lawrence is made the outlet to the lakes. By such a policy capital will find employment, new industries will be formed, markets obtained for produce and other commodities, and general activity will prevail throughout the extended line of communication. But, as in all democratic communities, party lines assume in Canada very strong demarcations, and the difficulty is to hit upon a policy which every interest will accept. It is this struggle of politicians which has been, and we fear will yet be, the curse of Canada. The bulk of the people see it, know it, feel it, and complain of it. The press is full of denunciations—each side of its opponents. But the malady nevertheless rages. No thoughtful man in Canada can regard the rapid increase of the debt without the greatest anxiety. It is nothing to say that it is within the resources of the province. From 1852 it has grown from \$22,000,000 to \$60,000,000, an increase in no way justified by circumstances; for but \$20,000,000 or so have been given to railways, and \$7,500,000 to the municipalities. The canals were included in the old debt, and no public work of any magnitude has called for expenditure, if we except the Ottawa buildings. It can only be explained by the revenue having been insufficient to meet the extravagant demands on it, and that when money was wanted it was borrowed. It must be plainly stated that a great deal of this lavish expenditure had no end in view but to sustain the Executive of the day, and to help the individual fortunes of its followers. The expense of the government of the new Dominion is immense, and it is complicated by the separate provincial Legislatures. But our hope for the future lies in the principle of self-government, which is the life-blood of Canadian politics. It is in the House of Commons of the Dominion that its home-policy is determined, and its expenditure established. It is here that the remedy must be applied to what is bad. The sound sense of the people, daily becoming more educated and enlightened, must rise to the emergency of the hour, and we feel assured that though the remedy be delayed it is nevertheless certain. Canada

has been often seriously and earnestly warned of her duties and obligations; and we do not doubt but the Parliament of the Dominion well knows that nations, like individuals, can drift to bankruptcy through extravagance and folly, and that the greatest resources may be overtaxed. The resources of Canada are immense, but they must be wisely dealt with.

DEAD-SEA FRUIT.*

THERE can no more pleasant duty fall to the lot of a reviewer than the noting of this or that improvement or advancement made by an author whose sins in previous books he has been compelled to chronicle. Whether this, the most recently-published of Miss Braddon's novels, is also the most recently-written, we cannot say; but a very casual inspection of a few of its chapters will show that it is marked by an absence of many of those faults which could not fail to irritate the most patient reader of "Charlotte's Inheritance." In "Dead-Sea Fruit" we have less of that exhibition of easy French sentences which generally accompanies an amateurish acquaintance with the language, as we find also fewer loose references to those bare outlines of classic legends to which Dr. Lemprière has so ingeniously reduced the mystic imagery of the old Greek and Latin poets. It is something to say for Miss Braddon's last novel that its chief defects are clearly attributable to the suicidal haste which has for some time back characterized her literary performances. Authors of far greater fertility of imagination and power of concentration than Miss Braddon, would find it impossible to do justice to their natural ability were they to devote themselves to that fury of production in which the authoress of "Dead-Sea Fruit" seems to delight. We do not say that hastily-written work must necessarily be bad; nor that rapid production, *per se*, is a symptom of a superficial mind. Far from it. But when one observes, again and again in the course of a book, a shrewd saying or a good situation spoiled by the most obvious carelessness, the presumption is warrantable that such flaws are the result of an unwise hurry which regards more the amount of writing than the quality of it. An instance or two from the present volume will illustrate what we mean. Speaking of a certain class of fashionable women—upon whom Miss Braddon bears rather hardly at times—she says, "They were women who, if suddenly reduced to the depths of poverty, would have thought the delf-plates and mugs of destitution a greater hardship than its bread and water." There is a subtlety of observation and a certain humour about such a saying which are, in their way, admirable. In her further description of such women, however, Miss Braddon suddenly drops into the ordinary stage-like business of burlesque—apparently in order to fill up the paragraph. "They were creatures who thought that a cheque-book went on for ever, like the Laureate's brook; and that so long as there were any of those nice oblong slips of paper left in the world, papas and husbands and brothers had nothing to do but to sign their names at the bottom of them." Has this impossibly foolish creature ever lived out of the comic drama and the comic magazine? If she has, she breathes no longer in the highly commercial and prudent atmosphere of modern feminine society, where the conditions of cheque-drawing and cashing are pretty well understood. Again, Miss Braddon is contrasting with her ideal fashionable women a poor and modest young lady, who has interested the secondary hero of the book. The girl blushes in confessing to some little privation she was in the habit of bearing; and Miss Braddon says, very finely, "It was not the first time that he had seen those fair young cheeks crimsoned by that shame of the sinless—the sense of poverty." Immediately afterwards, the force of rapid writing, or the love of gaudy contrast, leads her into the following absurdity:—"He thought of the women he met in his own world—women who would have uttered a shriek of horror at the idea of walking in the streets of London at any hour of the day, to say nothing of the night." The woman who shrieks with horror at the idea of walking up Regent-street, for example, on a fine forenoon, should have a statue erected to her by a committee of husbands. The ideal cheque-book of the female mind might go on a little longer, were the horror to become universal among the sex. Such illustrations are trifling enough; but they serve to indicate an imprudent haste which betrays itself elsewhere in more important matters.

While we consider the style and tone of "Dead-Sea Fruit" as being, on the whole, preferable to that of Miss Braddon's previous novels, we are inclined to rank the plot as being the

least artistic and interesting of those she has recently given us. Generally speaking, Miss Braddon's plot is the best part of her novels, coupled with the very unusual skill with which she develops it. She has undoubtedly the true gift of the storyteller: whatever any one may think of the intellectual qualities of her writing, no one will deny that it is eminently readable. The plot of "Dead-Sea Fruit" has the disadvantage that its progress is apparent from the beginning. We can forecast the issue and climax of the story, and so far lose interest in the gradual evolution of the tale. The novel introduces a young gentleman of the name of Thorburn, who, knowing that his mother, now dead, had been deceived and ill-treated by his father, swears solemnly, on his mother's grave, to discover and be revenged upon the seducer. He obtains a situation as secretary to a French exile, living in England, who has a lovely daughter; and it is quite clear that Eustace Thorburn meets in her his future wife. The French gentleman has a rich neighbour and friend—a highly-polished, elderly, *blasé*, and cynical person of the stage *roué* type—who, it is also evident at an early period of the story, is Thorburn's father. This Harold Jerningham married after having cast Eustace's mother adrift; but discovering a secret correspondence between his wife and an old lover of his, he quietly separates from her, and establishes her in a villa up the river. The character of Mrs. Jerningham, and the relations existing between her and a former lover of hers, Laurence Desmond, form, in our opinion, the finest part of the book. These two love each other when they are young; Desmond, listening to the ordinary club-talk about the extravagance of women's notions, postpones asking her in marriage; and she, mistaking his silence for indifference, accepts the hand of Harold Jerningham, who has been kind to her. Afterwards she and Desmond discover their secret to each other; and when she is separated from her husband, Desmond becomes her obedient servant and slave, and they preserve for each other a purely platonic attachment. Despite her jealous, exacting, unreasonable character, which is very cleverly sketched, he remains true to this ideal passion, even when he has fallen in love with a young girl called Lucy St. Albans. Necessarily, Mrs. Jerningham has to die, in order to let Desmond marry this girl; but in view of her approaching death a very touching scene takes place between her and her old and faithful lover. The sickness banishes from her the suspicious, jealous, almost acrid disposition with which he has borne patiently for so long a time, and she says:—

"And when I am gone you will forget how sorely I have tried you? You will remember me with tenderness? Yes, I know you will. And your young wife shall be no loser by my friendship, Laurence. I have the power to will away some of the money settled on me by Mr. Jerningham, and I shall divide it between my aunt and Lucy. My aunt has a very good income of her own, you know, and needs nothing from me, except as a proof of my affection for her. Your young wife shall not come to you dowerless, Laurence! Your wife! How sweet that word 'wife' can sound! I can fancy you in your home. You will not marry very soon after I am gone, Laurence?"

"My dearest," cried Laurence, with a sob, "do you think old ties are so easily broken? No, Emily, the love I have borne for you is a part of my manhood. It cannot be put away. That innocent girl, with her tender homelike sweetness, stole my heart before I was aware it could change; but she cannot blot out the past. If ever she is my wife, I shall love her dearly and faithfully, and a home shared with her will be very pleasant to me; but in the sacred corner of my heart must for ever remain the image of my first love. Men do not forget these things, Emily; nor is the second love the same as the first; and the man who outlives the faith of his youth feels that 'there hath passed away a glory from the earth.'"

She dies in Madeira; Desmond marries Lucy; Eustace Thorburn, or Jerningham (for it turns out that a "Scotch marriage" had been celebrated between Harold Jerningham and Eustace's mother), marries his master's daughter; and Mr. Jerningham *père* is forgiven, and bestows upon Eustace's wife £3,000 a year. Indeed, it is to be remarked that, in Miss Braddon's novels, exalted virtue always reaches the climax of a handsome income; vice being properly dismissed either with starvation or *delirium tremens*. The plot of the story, it will be seen, is not very involved; and the search of Eustace for his father is deprived of interest by its being clear at an early stage who the father is. Nor are the characters very definite or new. The two heroines are merely dolls, and are quite indistinguishable from each other. The hero, Eustace Thorburn, is one of those superhuman young gentlemen who have the face and figure of an Apollo, who have wonderful intellectual qualities, and who write superb poetry. The character of Laurence Desmond is a much more attractive, because more possible, study; and the sketch of Mrs. Jerningham, so far as it goes, is worthy of very high praise. The incidental details of the novel exhibit those points of careless inaccuracy to which readers of Miss Braddon are accustomed. In the present book

* Dead-Sea Fruit. A Novel. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." Three vols. London: Ward, Lock, & Tyler.

these chiefly occur in the parts which relate to Scotland, a region into which Miss Braddon should not have ventured without more reliable information about the language and geography of the country. Scotch peasants do not say "dee" for "do," nor do they use the English vulgarism of "as" for "that." "Giggey" is not Scotch for "gig," nor "cavey" for "cave." Then Miss Braddon would travel a long way in Scotland before she found "mountain-peaks upon which the snows have never melted since the days of the Bruce" (did the reign of Bruce mark the close of the glacial epoch?), and which look out upon a "waste of waters." Taken altogether, however, "Dead-Sea Fruit" is a very good story, as stories go; and Miss Braddon is evidently improving in her style.

EARLY LONDON ANNALS.*

IMMENSE additions have been made during the last few years, and are still being made, to our knowledge of the past. The stores from the Record Office, given to the world under the authority of the Master of the Rolls, are throwing many new and unexpected lights on the past history of our land; and the City of London is at length beginning to bring forth for general use the numerous and highly valuable documents which it possesses. The volume now before us—a volume equalling a full-sized "Peerage" in thickness, and only less than the Post Office Directory in weight—is one of the results of that examination into old materials which the civic authorities have recently commenced. Mr. Riley has executed a work for which future historians of London and of English usages in the middle ages will thank him. He has with great industry inspected a vast accumulation of ancient records—many, no doubt, not very legible, owing to lapse of time and change in the fashion of writing; has translated them from Latin or old French into English; and has accompanied them with notes, introductory matter, a glossary, &c., which exhibit considerable knowledge of former days, and add materially to the value of the collection. The volume is based on the Letter Books of the City—a series of folio volumes written on parchment, and containing entries on matters of the day in which the corporation was in any way concerned, from the fourth year of the reign of Edward I. to the seventh of Henry V. Those here printed come to an end in the very same month of the very same year (November, 1419) in which John Carpenter concluded his compilation called "Liber Albus," derived from the identical documents now edited by Mr. Riley. But Carpenter designed nothing more than a "repertory" of "remembrances" of the then existing City laws, observances, rights, and franchises; whereas Mr. Riley's work, as he states in his Introduction, "is almost wholly devoted to such matters as illustrate the local history of London in the latter part of the middle ages, and to entries which place before us the manners, usages, and notions of the times, indicating thereby many of the now forgotten but most striking features of the then social life." Mr. Riley considers it probable that his work and Carpenter's have not so much as a single page in common; and at any rate the "Liber Albus" is so little known that the present volume cannot be deemed superfluous. The Letter Books which have furnished its matter are described by its editor as having been preserved with remarkable care, though it is evident that during so great a lapse of time the perils they have escaped, both from fire and tumult, must have been grave and numerous. There is sometimes a want of strict chronological sequence, due, no doubt, to carelessness on the part of the scribes; but the documents are said to exhibit for the most part an exactness which gives the warrant of truth to their statements. Probably owing to their humble and unpretentious character, they escaped the fate which befel the Library founded by Richard Whittington (the hero of the celebrated cat legend) at the Guildhall; "three cart-loads of whose volumes—the whole collection probably—were lent to the Lord Protector Somerset, in the reign of Edward VI., and on his downfall in 1552 irrecoverably lost." The archives now translated by Mr. Riley were consulted by Robert Fabian, Alderman and Sheriff towards the close of the fifteenth century, in the compilation of his "Chronicle," and were afterwards used to a considerable extent by Stow in his celebrated work on London. In the time of Stow, the City authorities lent two of their early volumes—the "Liber Custumarum" and the "Liber Legum Regum Antiquorum"—to

Francis Tate, a member of the Academy of Antiquaries, and Sir Robert Cotton, the founder of the famous Library called after his name; and to the discredit of the latter it must be recorded that, during a period of eight years, he took no notice of the reiterated requests of the Corporation for the return of the works, and ultimately sent back only half of each book, binding the other two halves in one volume, and placing them in his Library, as a portion of which they are now to be seen in the British Museum. The consequences of this act of dishonesty were disastrous to subsequent scholars. For nearly a hundred years, the City authorities rigorously refused to allow their records to be seen even by strangers; and it was only with great difficulty, and after many refusals, that John Strype, in the early part of last century, was allowed to examine them for his revised edition of Stow's "Survey." For the remainder of the eighteenth century they were not consulted; but in our own epoch they have been turned to excellent account by Sir Harris Nicholas, Sir Francis Palgrave, Mr. Duffus Hardy, Mr. Froude, M. Thierry, and others. The present publication is put forth at the special desire of the City authorities, and at their sole expense. Their liberality does them great credit, and it will be duly appreciated by the literary men of the present and of future times. The days are past—and past, we are sure, for ever—when the capital of the British Empire can desire to stand before the world indifferent to the interests of scholarship and the claims of historic literature. The tendency of the age is to throw open to the use of the public all these accumulations of the past; to let them remain no longer a prey to dust and mildew, but to extract from them whatever of value they may contain. We are thus getting to know our remote ancestors much better than our immediate forefathers did, and in many ways we may be the better for the knowledge. The Corporation of London, it is gratifying to find, are not backward in adding their own stores to the rapidly accumulating stock.

Among the many curious matters to be discovered in Mr. Riley's volume are some singular details with reference to the origin of surnames. A great number of these took their rise from localities, from trades, and from personal peculiarities; but some seem to have been given in mere spite, and, like pitch, to have stuck to the unlucky recipients and their families. The manners of our ancestors are strikingly and disagreeably illustrated by the fact that several of the last-mentioned class of names are so abominable and repulsive that, as Mr. Riley tells us, they will not bear repetition in these more decorous times. Of mentionable names conveying anything but complimentary allusions, we find Panyfader (the same as the present Pennefather, and meaning a stingy, miserly fellow); Fulhardy (Foolhardy—though might not this be used in a laudatory sense, and mean "extremely hardy"?); Cachemaille (Hide half-penny)—a name, says Mr. Riley, still existing; Coward; Milksop; Outlawe; &c. Of complimentary names we find Le Gode (the Good); Le Curteys (the Courteous), now Curtis; Bon Valet (Good Servant); Godgrom (Good Groom); Upright; Clenhond (Cleanhand), a sometime Member for the City, whose name, we trust, indicated that he was free from all imputation of bribery and corruption; Gentylecors (Genteel body); Vigorous; and Podifat, which, according to Mr. Riley—and we are certainly glad of the information—means a lover of children. Some of the names are ludicrous and grotesque: as, for instance, Pudding, Piggesfleshe, Giddyheued (Giddyhead), Brokedisshe, Black-in-the-Mouth, Pluckerose, Bulecheke, Blackbarfoot, Pork, Cake, Smaltrot, Spillwyne, Spillewater, Jollypace, Wedercoc, Fressheharyng, Knapekyn, Cokeney, Renaboute (Runabout), and Gollylolly. What the last could have meant, if it meant anything, we cannot tell. It might pass for the designation of a Tom o' Bedlam. Now and then we come across some very illustrious names in these ancient archives. "Chaucer" occurs frequently—once in connection with the poet himself, and often as the patronymic of men of repute in the City. One Stephen le Chaucer is mentioned as early as 1211, when he became surety for William de Clay. Several others appear from time to time, and they seem to have been tradesmen, though generally men of substance and standing. The name denotes a shoemaker, and "it is doubtful in some instances," writes Mr. Riley, "whether it is employed strictly as a surname, inherited from a father or more remote ancestor, or merely as a designation of its owner's trade." The father of the poet is supposed to have been Richard Chaucer, probably a vintner; but there is very little in these records to throw light on the career of Geoffrey. The direct allusion to him is contained in the lease of a dwelling-house in Aldgate (above the gate itself), which he appears to have taken in 1374. The name of Walworth—rendered famous by the Mayor who slew Wat Tyler—occurs two or three times; that of Whittington also appears more than

* Memorials of London and London Life in the XIIIth, XIVth, and XVth Centuries. Being a Series of Extracts, Local, Social, and Political, from the Early Archives of the City of London. A.D. 1276–1419. Selected, Translated, and Edited by Henry Thomas Riley, M.A. of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; and of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Published by Order of the Corporation of London, under the Superintendence of the Library Committee. London: Longmans & Co.

once; and Caxton is a designation borne by others besides the first English printer. We find several John Russells, some of whom got into trouble, and other well-known names start up every now and then. Mr. Riley says that but few Anglo-Saxon Christian names are to be discovered in the documents he has examined; and he infers from this that the native population of London was overwhelmed by the influx of foreigners after the Conquest, and that the greater number of immigrants into the metropolis from English towns and villages were for a long time generally of alien extraction. When, however, we bear in mind that the mass of the population must still have been English, we incline to think that Christian names of foreign origin were adopted by many persons of Saxon descent, by way of concession to the prevailing fashion, as, indeed, Mr. Riley suggests may have been the case. Still, there can be no doubt that men of continental lineage were for a long while the dominant class in London; and this not merely as the result of conquest, but by reason of the frequent arrivals of superior artificers from abroad.

It would be impossible, within the compass of a brief article, to indicate a twentieth part of the really valuable and interesting materials which this welcome volume offers to the hands of historians and antiquaries; but Mr. Riley himself, in his able Introduction, thus briefly indicates some few of the more remarkable points:—

"Here we find, among other subjects far too numerous for remark:—A distinct allusion to the materials used for varnish-painting upon canvas, more than a century before the time of John Van Eyck, who has been alleged to have been its inventor: early news, transmitted to the City by King Edward's desire, no doubt, of the victory just gained upon the field of Falkirk: tidings sent to the City by Queen Isabel, of the birth of her first-born son, Edward of Windsor, with the rejoicings consequent thereon; mass and carols in the church of St. Paul, followed by a procession to make offering at Westminster; the whole ending with a dinner in the Guildhall, 'excellently well tapestried and dressed out,' the earliest City dinner probably that has been recorded: watch and ward ordered in the City, its walls manned, sentries posted, and wickets closed, in support of Edward II. in his wars with the Barons: London in alarm at the prospect of immediate attack by the French, and its Guildhall protected, some seven years before the fight of Crecy, by guns wrought of latten, mounted on rollers, and charged with powder and pellets of lead: the Black Prince writing to the City to give his account of the events preliminary to the victory at Poitiers; an untruthful one at best, for not a word does he say of the concessions he had first offered, to secure a safe retreat: tidings from Johanna, Princess of Wales and Aquitaine (better known by her spinster title, 'The Fair Maid of Kent'), announcing the birth of Prince Edward of Angoulême, the Black Prince's short-lived eldest son; particulars of plate presented to the Black Prince by the already overtaxed Londoners, absolutely by the hundredweight; Geoffrey Chaucer, the poet, the City's tenant as lessee of the gate of Aldgate; William Walworth slandered by an unscrupulous woman, and his generous intercession to save her from the indignity of the pillory and whetstone; the City's own account of the Insurrection of Wat Tyler, with some features in the narrative hitherto unknown: Richard Whittington, before becoming Alderman of Broad-street Ward, a Common Councilman for Coleman-street; and, like Walworth, having his fair fame assailed in his old age by a woman's tongue: the City convulsed by dissensions between the cordwainers and the cobblers as to their relative rights to mend old shoes; and King Henry IV. taking cognizance thereof by letter under the Privy Seal: correspondence of Henry V. with the City authorities during his wars with France: the citizens in an agony of suspense as to the fate of the English army, for some days lost sight of in the interior of France, and that suspense in a moment turned to joy by tidings of the victory of Agincourt, celebrated on the same day by mayor and citizens going in pilgrimage to Westminster on foot: alleged immoralities of the London clergy, the annals of their profligacy during a long series of years being carefully registered by the City authorities in a private corner of their records: last thing, and saddest of all, the fires of Smithfield lighted up under the auspices of an unscrupulous prelacy, with Lollards for their living fuel; John Cleydone, carrier, and Richard Surmyn, baker, citizens of London, and humble followers in the footsteps of John Wyclif, being among the earliest victims of their flames."

If any sentimental admirer of the middle ages should read these records in the hope of discovering confirmatory evidence of that state of comparative virtue which is sometimes thought to have existed under feudal conditions, he will be greatly disappointed. Trade had as many rogueries then as now. A Dr. Hassall and a *Lancet* Commission, for inquiring into the nature of the food, drinks, and drugs vended to the public during the days of the Plantagenets, would have found plenty of work to their hands. Deficient quantity and inferior quality were constantly bringing dealers into trouble with the civic authorities, and we read of several convictions for selling putrid food. In 1351, for instance, one Henry de Passelewe, a cook, was set in the pillory for having sold in a pasty two capons which are described as having been "putrid, and stinking, and an abomination to mankind;" though, strange to say, the prosecutor and his friends ate nearly the whole of one of the capons before they discovered its condition—"being hungry," says the account, in explanation of the somewhat singular fact. Bread we find sold

short of weight, and the weight fraudulently added to with iron; and sometimes it was made of rotten materials. Wine was frequently adulterated, and in 1364 John Penrose, a taverner, was sentenced to drink some of his unsound wine, to have the rest poured on his head, and to be deprived of his right of trading—which, however, in about five years, was restored to him. In 1385, one Elizabeth Moring was condemned to the pillory for procuring and inciting certain women to live an immoral life, "under colour of the craft of broidery, which she pretended to follow," and it appears that some of the best customers of this woman were friars and chaplains. Crimes of violence were of course common, and of other forms of villainy we hear much. So that when Mr. Tennyson, in a fit of foolishness some years ago, attributed the wickedness of these times to our lamentable remissness in not more frequently slaughtering one another in international wars, he could not have been aware that matters were no better in days when the sword was hardly ever still.

CROWNED.*

WITH all their defects, and we anxiously hope that it may never be our fate to enumerate them, modern novels undoubtedly possess one charming peculiarity. Any one of these works is capable of leading the reader through a thousand pages with the happiest listlessness, and of leaving upon his mind an impression only to be equalled by that which a Greenwich pensioner might be expected to derive from a voyage between London Bridge and the Thames Tunnel. Mr. Tainsh's novel is singularly deficient in these merely time-killing qualities. It is just possible that the sea-side young lady who ascends a rocky cliff, or immures herself in a sheltering nook to dry her back hair and follow the fortunes of a member of our own sex who combines conceived murder with perpetrated bigamy, may not care to submit to any alteration of her mental food; but if, abandoning the contemplation of crime for healthy thought, she were to read such a book as that before us, she would be no loser by the change.

There are few incidents in "Crowned," but none of them outrage our notions of what is possible. There is also but a very limited number of personages employed in the story, but they all have much in common with the men and women whom we see in real life, and each is invested with a strongly marked and distinctive character which is well sustained throughout the tale. The hero and heroine, Maurice and Edith Pascall, are the children of a country gentleman, the owner of a small estate on the banks of the Wye, who takes life very easily, and indulges in a hospitality which materially lessens the bulk of his property. The author conveys the whole character of Maurice in a couple of sentences. "He was one of those boys in whom a certain shadowiness of build, and a haunting pathetic expression of fear, suggest sensitive health, and a probably early grave, but who have by no means a uniform habit of dying, and only cheat their mothers out of an extra portion of tenderness and care by the pretence of being prepared to die upon the slightest provocation. . . . There were many things he would not do to a dog (such as sending him out of a room) for fear of hurting his feelings." The description of Edith is exquisite. "You would have remembered the child by her eyes, which, for the most part, drooped downwards when no notice was being taken of her, but looked straight up into your face and right into your very heart when you spoke to her." The character of Maurice displays itself at a very early period. He had heard Mr. Pascall speak of one of the fields adjoining the house as his own, although he had a few days before sold it to a neighbour, and the falsehood in which he had detected his father left an impression upon the boy which was never effaced.

Upon the death of Mrs. Pascall, Mrs. Aylsham, a very clever and worldly woman, becomes an inmate of Mr. Pascall's house, but she fails to secure any hold upon the affections of the children. Edith and Maurice care for nothing else in the world but each other; and upon the death of their father, and on the discovery of the ruin which his extravagance had brought about, Edith accompanies her brother to the town where he had accepted the chaplaincy to a manufactory. Here we have two new characters introduced, Dr. Westbeech, or, calling him by his pet name, Chriss, a country surgeon, and Mr. Wentworth, a gentleman of Bohemian tendencies. It would be difficult to do justice to the contrast which these three presented to one another. Wentworth, a clever, yet good-natured man of the world; Chriss, a man full of kindness and of shyness, and utterly wanting in

* Crowned. By Edward Campbell Tainsh. Two vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

firmness; and Maurice, a clergyman without a thought outside his duties, yet, as Wentworth describes him, "with quite human smile, you wouldn't a bit have known he was a parson by it." Chriss and Edith fall in love with one another, but before matters make any progress the weakness of Chriss leads him into a piece of untruthfulness, which for a time loses him the friendship of Maurice, and separates the lovers. Mrs. Aylsham dislikes Chriss, endeavours to bring about a match between Wentworth and Edith, but fails; and Maurice, when dying from fever, which he had caught during his ministration among the poor, is reconciled to him, and gives him his sister.

The merit of this work depends so very little upon its incidents that it is impossible for any description of the plot to convey an adequate notion of the book. The reader will be able to judge of the author's style from the following little dialogue. We have seldom perused a happier description of a shy child. Esty is a little girl whom Maurice and Edith have adopted, and Wentworth finds the greatest difficulty in establishing himself in her good graces:—

"She was sitting in her little chair by the side of the fire, he being rather far back opposite the fire, and Edith towards the other corner, when he fixed his eyes upon her. She was at her favourite needlework (which ought to have been valuable, for the number of stitches concentrated upon one point was something miraculous!), and feeling, as all men and animals do, that somebody was looking at her, she lifted her eyes and saw him. She went on with her sewing for a minute, but then, finding that he was still watching her, she moved her chair to a window just beyond his angle of vision. He shifted his chair a few degrees, and so brought her within range again. Then she moved once more, and seated herself on the other side of Edith, well screened by her superior, though not vast, volume. Then Wentworth moved his chair to the place she had vacated, and so completely flanked her defences. Esty saw it was no use, so, meekly folding up her needlework, she put her chair into its appointed place, and essayed to leave the room. Then Wentworth called her—

" 'Esty.'
 " 'She looked round.'
 " 'I want you.'
 " 'She came to him.'
 " 'Where were you going?'
 " 'Upstairs.'
 " 'What were you going upstairs for?'
 " 'She looked full at him, the picture of an uncomplaining victim of persecution, but did not answer.'
 " 'Why were you going upstairs, Esty?'
 " 'Because you looked at me so.'
 " 'Don't you like me to look at you, then?'
 " 'No.'
 " 'Why not?'
 " 'I don't know.'
 " 'Suppose I don't look at you any more, will you stay then?'
 " 'Yes.'
 " 'Where will you sit?'
 " 'She pointed to her old seat by Edith.'
 " 'Would you sit by me?'
 " 'She did not like to say 'No,' but she had evidently no wish to say 'Yes;' so he let her off, and she sat down by Edith, while Edith put her arm round her for a minute, under which demonstration of affection the little soul looked as meek as she had done under Wentworth's persecution.'
 " 'A day or two after, when they were in the room together, Wentworth said to her—
 " 'Shall I look at you, Esty?'
 " 'No, please.'
 " 'Whereupon he turned clean round on his axis, and sat with his back towards her. She would probably have let him sit for a century, for she did not speak; but when he turned round again, with 'Well, will that do?' a little smile flitted across her face, which was the nearest approach to mirth that she had yet managed to accomplish. However, these nonsense passages and his substantial kindness soon thawed her shyness of him, and then she submitted to his persecutions with that air of philosophical toleration which grave children are so apt to wear."

There is much in the nature of the plot which might lead people to imagine that "Crowned" is one of the goody-goody sort of books. There could scarcely be a greater misapprehension. The tone throughout is essentially manly and earnest, and we scarcely think it possible for any one to rise from the perusal of Mr. Tainsh's two volumes without a strong sense of the elevating influence which they are calculated to exercise.

REUNION OF THE CHURCHES.*

THIS book is a curiosity. We had thought that the clergy of St. Alban's, Holborn, represented the greatest advance which English Churchmen had made on the road to Rome. We were wrong. The Rev. Mr. Malet has managed to outstrip them. They have adopted the vestments and some of the doctrines of

* *The Olive Leaf: a Pilgrimage to Rome, Jerusalem, and Constantinople, in 1867, for the Reunion of the Faithful.* By William Wyndham Malet, Vicar of Ardeley. London: Bosworth.

the Church of Rome; but Mr. Malet, arrayed in a pilgrim's habit, carrying with him letters from Dr. Manning and credentials from the "Father Rector" of his "order" and the Archbishop of Canterbury (!), goes to the Pope himself, and makes a statement to him which the Archbishop can hardly have authorized. He tells us naïvely that on presenting Dr. Manning's introduction to Monsignor Talbot at the Vatican, the latter "recognised in our 'habits' evidence of the Catholic revival in England." Well might he do so. But the "habit" paled in importance before Mr. Malet's verbal assurances. He took upon him to explain to Monsignor Talbot that the object of their pilgrimage was "union," not "fusion;" "he hoped for reconciliation and recognition." The Church of England, being Catholic and orthodox, "had just claim to be recognised by the Church of Rome." Mr. Malet admitted that "bitter words had crept into our formularies in that age which kept up separation and nourished lukewarmness hateful to God"—the age of the Reformation; and assured him that "we in England look upon the Patriarch of Rome as the First Bishop, the President of the General Council of the Church of Christ." Who are "we in England" who undertake to make this concession? Mr. Malet must have gone even further than this. He says that in their second interview Monsignor Talbot repeated that if a large body of the English Church members would send a deputation to the Pope with proposals for reunion, "stipulating to the British Church free use of her own Liturgy, restored to its Catholic and Apostolic purity, and having her 'elections' free as laid down in 'Magna Charta,' no doubt the Pope would make 'great concessions.'" Mr. Malet seems to build confidently on this assurance, not apparently reflecting how much may be included in the restoration of the Liturgy "to its Catholic and Apostolic purity," and how little in the phrase "great concessions." Nor do his eyes appear to have been opened when he was warned "that we could not partake of the 'Bread of Life' in the Church of Rome! and that though some Anglican clergymen had done so at the altars of Rome, it was 'a deadly sin.'" It is amusing to observe his unconsciousness of the folly of his mission, displayed every now and then in the most simple manner. The Pope shared the surprise of Monsignor Talbot when he saw the "Pilgrims" in their "habits." He seemed struck with the view of English Pilgrims, declared by their dress, and at once said, "It was by the grace of God that we had come on pilgrimage; that it was a good and holy work to strive for the unity of Christendom, which he much desired; for the Lord Jesus Christ, the great Head of the Church, had commanded it, and it was sad to see what bitter divisions had sprung up among Christians. That where we were going we should see only the one sepulchre, and learn from that the unity of the Church; and that, as there was only one Lord, there could be only one faith." As they were to "learn" this, Mr. Malet might have concluded that, in the Pope's opinion, they had not learnt it already. Nevertheless, he "asked permission to say a few words," and then told his Holiness that "they were pilgrims for the restoration of unity," and that "Rome was the first step to the holiest place, for here was the 'crib of the child Jesus;' here the earth was consecrated by the blood of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Jude, and thousands of other martyrs." He told him that "they represented thousands in England, who continually prayed for the reunion of Christendom," and that "a great revival was going on in the Church of England, proving that, though in times of peace Satan had tried to lower her to a mere sect, she was a part of the true Catholic Apostolic Church." To show the Pope the nature of this revival, he instanced, as signs of the times, "the restoration of the sacred fabrics; the increased reverence for the 'blessed Sacrament' as the 'Christian sacrifice;' the acknowledgment of the five Sacraments, besides the two 'necessary for salvation' (the others never having been denied by our Church); the restored reverence to the blessed Virgin Mary as the Mother of God our Saviour; the restoration of sisterhoods and brotherhoods, under vows and rules, for works of faith and love; . . . the restoration of prayers for the departed, and of communion with the saints 'gone before.'" These were signs, Mr. Malet humbly suggested, that the time was come to abolish the sad division, and to restore intercommunion. Monsignor Talbot had before this delicately hinted that the Church of Rome might find some difficulty in recognising Anglican Orders, and probably it was for this reason that the pilgrim informed his Holiness that "England has her Holy Orders and ordinances of worship from Rome;" that "she recognises his Holiness as the chief bishop of all;" that "from him came the British sovereign's title, 'Defender of the Faith,' and the British primate's 'pallium;'" and that therefore "everything was ready for his Holiness to dissipate the division by 'recog-

dition." The Pope was too good-natured to tell the pilgrims what must have been in his mind as he gave ear to this farrago of nonsense. He listened "most kindly," seemed "quite pleased," and gave them his benediction. Every one was not so complaisant as his Holiness. They met Romans plain spoken enough to tell them Protestants could not be pilgrims, and that to be Catholics they must leave the Church of England, and be converted to that of Rome. "This," says Mr. Malet, "they really thought, intending the best for our souls; but we told them we never dreamt of leaving our Holy Church, which is Catholic not Protestant; we told them that insignificant or even 'distinguished individuals' going over to Rome was not the way to reunite the unhappily severed branch of the old tree, but to retard the longed-for reunion. . . . Every Catholic sticking to our Church adds to her daily progress in her 'New Reformation' from cold, outside Puritanism, to the warm, hearty communion of the true fold of the Good Shepherd; that Reformation loved the Venerable Patriarch, whom we look to as the first disciples looked to Peter—'Primacy, not Supremacy.' Recognition of our Church will take place; thus will England show herself Catholic, and not by 'going over' to Rome; this will be the way to prove the true Apostolic occupation of the spiritual throne of St. Peter, who was commanded 'not to call any man common or unclean.' As the heathen emperor and the Saxon king turned from their cold religions to glory in the Cross of Jesus at the Christian altar, showing the bright example of humility amidst worldly grandeur, so will our sovereign see the restored glory of our St. Peter's of Westminster and St. Paul's of London—their altars again gleaming with the bright symbols of our faith, the 'golden censers' again smoking with 'much incense' offered before the throne of heaven with 'the prayers of saints.' The question we should like to see answered is whether clergymen of the Church of England may be permitted the license taken by Mr. Malet of speaking on behalf of "thousands in England" to the effect to which he addressed the Pope. Is it true that there are any considerable party in the Church willing to recognise the Pope's "primacy" if they are excused from recognising his "supremacy"? And we might be allowed perhaps to ask whether the Archbishop of Canterbury has read Mr. Malet's book, and whether he approves of the use to which he applied his Grace's "letter commendatory" when he laid it before the Pope's chamberlain?

OUT OF CHARITY.*

MYSTERY is always attractive, and a mystery which begins with an interesting baby and concludes with that identical baby putting in an appearance as a still more interesting young lady ought to be irresistible. "Out of Charity" is mainly made up of the career of a young person who begins life under the disadvantages which we believe to be inseparable from baby-farming, and falls into love, matrimony, and a large fortune towards the end of the third volume. We have no desire to underrate the importance of suspected infanticide, actual child desertion, and those expressions of rage in which a husband who fancies himself injured may feel entitled to indulge, but we are at a loss to understand why the author should have considered it necessary to keep these good things within the restrictions which small print and female correspondence are calculated to secure. This is one of the sins which the author of the novel before us commits against the patience and eyes of its readers, and why this cruelty is indulged in we cannot surmise. In the first chapter we have to await the conclusion of a funeral, and after the will-reading, which in novels dealing with well-to-do people invariably follows that melancholy event, we make the acquaintance of the heroine, Eva Marsh. This pleasure is secured us by means of an elaborate and closely-printed document which the gentleman just consigned to the grave had left behind him. The Rev. Nicholas Ferrier, writing to his nephew and niece, informs them of an adventure which happened to him in Brompton in the year 1838, and which, in the interests of humanity and the police, we hope does not frequently repeat itself in these days. Mr. Ferrier, who seems to have been destitute of an umbrella but possessed of an inquiring mind, being caught in a shower of rain, makes his way into the parlour of a private house, the door of which lay open. The reverend gentleman took repose as well as shelter, for he found himself suddenly aroused in the middle of night by a conversation between two persons. He thereupon hears a lady and gentleman making arrangements for the

disposal and, as he supposes, the murder of a baby. The child, in accordance with what—if we may form any conclusions from the Drama and Romance—is the invariable practice on these occasions, is left on a sofa for a moment whilst the conspirators retire, and the clergyman, taking advantage of the opportunity thus miraculously placed in his way, picks up the baby, and makes off with it. As the reader will surmise, the child is subsequently stolen from the woman in whose charge Mr. Ferrier placed it; but as soon as it attained the mature and more agreeable age of four, it is picked up straying in the street by Richard Ferrier, and carried to his uncle, the clergyman. After this, Eva Marsh, for thus we must (and very unwillingly do) call the baby, is brought up by her earliest protector, and enters upon her duties as a heroine. These, we have no doubt, she finds agreeable enough, until she and Richard Ferrier, now a young officer home from the Crimea, fall in love with one another. Captain Ferrier's mother strongly opposes the marriage, and schemes to such a purpose that Eva is claimed as the child of a Welsh woman of imperfect intelligence and humble position in society. She is then carried off to some village in Carnarvonshire, with a name which we would rather be excused from repeating, and after enduring the Welsh language and other misfortunes, she returns to enjoy all that happiness which untold wealth, ancient lineage, and an agreeable husband are capable of producing.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Practitioner: a Monthly Journal of Therapeutics. Edited by Francis E. Anstie, M.D., and Henry Lawson, M.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

The names of the gentlemen associated with this enterprise ought to recommend it, and in the first number we find the contents justifying the expectations formed of the value and interest of the *Practitioner*. Dr. Marsonneuve contributes an interesting article on the novel treatment of wounds by pneumatic aspiration. It is founded on the theory that if dead liquids can be prevented from putrifying on the surface of wounds, operations such as the amputation of limbs may be performed without compromising the life of the patient. Dr. Reynolds contributes an able article "On the Therapeutic Uses of Bromide of Potassium." The rest of the number consists of papers on "Faradisation in the Treatment of Paralysis," on the "Employment of Glycerine in Tanning," "The Hypodermic Injection of Remedies," and several well-written reviews, together with extracts from British and foreign scientific journals.

On the Written Word, &c. By the Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, M.A. (Strahan & Co.)

Mr. Dykes defines the aim of his tractate as proposing no more than to assist "to clear the ground for an intelligent use of Scripture on the part of plain Christians, by tracing how the truth, which was originally given to God-taught men, has come to be in our hands in a documentary form, and how, in that form, it preserves the characteristics of a Divine Word." He treats what he terms "the volume of printed documents called the Bible" as "a secondary medium, not the primary revelation." He holds that "the earliest Word could not but be a spoken word, in this wide sense, that it was a revelation of God's thought for the first time to one or more living men then and there present." Our readers will perceive that this opens up a very interesting field of inquiry. Mr. Dykes holds, with regard to the New Testament, that the stage of inward revealing to chosen men was followed by the stage of oral teaching, and that by accredited documents. "Yet," he writes, "of the sixty years which followed the crucifixion of Jesus, probably the first thirty had passed away in oral teaching, aided at most by casual scraps of writing, before the earliest canonical books fixed the Word into permanence." We do not quite catch the meaning of the words we have italicised, nor do we see what logical inference Mr. Dykes draws from his statement that, "throughout the literature of the Apostolic age, we find the expression 'Word of God' used as a name for no written document, but for the glorious unwritten good news of the Grace of God by the Cross of His Son, which was then being proclaimed over the Greek world by His missionary heralds." We cannot, however, discuss this question, nor does Mr. Dykes discuss it. He appears not to be aware that there are extant Gospels and Epistles not included in the Bible. Or it may be that he felt himself unable, in the short space of his tractate, to enter into a full consideration of this question. On the whole, however, his book shows intelligence.

The London Student. No. IV. July, 1868. (John Churchill & Sons.)

We have here a new periodical, published monthly, and devoted to the consideration of questions connected with the interests of education. The names of the writers—among which we observe those of Mr. J.

* Out of Charity. A Novel. By the Author of "Askerdale Park." Three vols. London: Charles J. Skeet.

W. Hales, M.A., Professor Seeley, and Professor Henry Morley, besides others of approved ability—are in themselves a guarantee of thought, culture, and experience. In the present number (in addition to reviews, correspondence, and news special to the general class of subjects which it is sought to illustrate) we find six articles, entitled "An Attempt at a Lesson in English," by Mr. Hales; "Recreation," by Professor Seeley; "Essays on the Teaching of Chemistry in Schools," by C. W. Heaton, Professor of Chemistry in Charing-cross Hospital College; "Pre-Raphaelite Art and Poetry," by John Burnell Payne; "An Old Student of English," by Professor Morley; and "Thoughts on the Collegiate System." The first of these articles endeavours to show, by an analysis of Milton's "Sonnet to the Nightingale," that a lesson in English need not be so barren of results as some suppose it would be. The paper on "Pre-Raphaelite Art and Poetry" is full of suggestiveness, and ably summarizes the effect of the mediæval movement on modern thought; while Professor Morley's article agreeably introduces us to the studies in early English of Francis Dajohn, otherwise called Francis Junius, a French Protestant settled in England in the seventeenth century. All the papers are worth reading, and we wish the publication success.

The American Naturalist. A popular Illustrated Magazine of Natural History. Seaside Number.

The beautiful type and paper of this little periodical is only an appropriate setting for its contents, and we commend its appearance as well as design to English publishers who might at this season venture a seaside naturalists' companion with great chances of success. Mr. Edward Morse quotes the following account of the "soldier crab" from Gosse, in an article entitled "A Stroll by the Seaside." "The soldiers (as indeed becomes their profession) are well known to be pugnacious and impudent, yet watchful and cautious. Two of them can hardly approach each other without manifestations of hostility; each warily stretches out his long feet and feels the other just as spiders do, and strives to find an opportunity of seizing his opponent in some tender part with his own strong claws. Generally they are satisfied with the proofs afforded of mutual prowess, and each finding the other armed at all points retires, but not unseldom a regular passage of arms ensues; the claws are rapidly thrown about, widely gaping and threatening, and the combatants roll over and over in the tussle. Sometimes, however, the aggressive spirit is more decided and ferocious. One in the aquarium of the Zoological Gardens was seen to approach another who tenanted a shell somewhat larger than his own, and who, suddenly seizing his victim's front with his powerful claw, dragged him like lightning from his house, into which the aggressor as swiftly inserts his own body, leaving the miserable sufferer struggling in the agonies of death."

Aunt Judy's Magazine.

This is just the book for children, and if it be in the power of literature to make good children better, this Magazine ought to do it. Our old friends Jack and Gill form the subject of the article upon the lost legend of the nursery. It is pleasant to see the form which the charity of Aunt Judy's friends and subscribers takes. Aunt Judy has established a cot supported by voluntary contributions, and among the contributions we find two scrapbooks, fourteen dolls, and ten shillings coming from four sensible children; a box of toys from "Granny & Co.," seven shillings from six lazy children, a "parcel of dressed dolls and one of useful clothing" from Agnes, Gertrude, and Jessie, and all sorts of sums from other small people.

The Broadway

Is not very brilliant this month, although it publishes an ingenious chapter, by Mr. Meason, called "Nothing like Business." It refers to the period when fortunes were built on paper, and gives an account of the manner in which a gentleman succeeded in getting a large fortune by trading upon a supposititious capital and committing fraud. The publisher carries out the promise of his prospectus by inserting articles connected with New York.

The Eclectic and Congregational Review

Opens with an article on Andrew Marvell, which displays a good deal of research, although the style is not remarkable for closeness or brilliancy. A very clever paper on "Household Tracts" ought to be widely read. "The Literature of Mosses," "Religious Novels," and a review of a book on Cats, make up a more than average number. It seems to us, however, that the last contribution is out of place in the pages of the *Eclectic*.

Edinburgh Medical Journal, combining the Monthly Journal of Medicine and the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal. (Oliver & Boyd.)

This journal contains a number of interesting papers by gentlemen of experience in both medicine and surgery. The contents are purely of a technical character.

Enquire Within upon Everything. (Houlston & Wright.)

This is another volume of a series which counts its readers by tens of thousands. It is an extraordinary omnium gatherum—sometimes only laughable, and sometimes really instructive.

Mr. W. Gilbert, author of "Shirley Hall Asylum" and "The Wizard of the Mountain," has had for some time in preparation a work on the Court and Times of Lucrezia Borgia. We understand Mr. Gilbert has collected materials for his purpose which have been hitherto untouched, and that he has now almost completed his task.

We have also received:—*A Song of the Vineyard*, a sermon on the proposed disestablishment of the Irish Branch of the United Church of England and Ireland, by the Rev. John Soper (Rivingtons);—*Family Devotions for Every Day in the Week*, to which are added *Short Prayers for various Occasions* (Burns, Oates, & Co.); *My Experience in the Church of Ireland*, a letter to the Earl of Derby, by M. Hobart Seymour, M.A. (Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday);—*Recent Secessions and Corporate Reunion*, a letter to an Anglican friend (Burns, Oates, & Co.);—*Bible Animals*, by the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., Part VII. (Longmans);—*Is the Great Pyramid of Gizeh a Metrological Monument?* (A. & C. Black);—*The British Workman*, No. 163, containing an admirable portrait of the late Lord Brougham (S. W. Partridge & Co.);—*Fragments of a Journal saved from Shipwreck*, by an Old Kensingtonian (Trübner);—*The Book of Martyrs*, by John Foxe;—*The Holy War*, by John Bunyan;—*The Annals of the Poor*, by the Rev. Legh Richmond (Book Society);—*The Chronology of the Bible*, by Samuel Sharpe (J. Russell Smith);—*New Pages of Natural History*, by H. P. Malet (Newby);—*Part I. Commentary of the New Testament*, by James Morison, D.D. (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.);—*No. 6, Fireside Words*, by Elihu Burritt (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.);—*Report of the Committee appointed by the Conference of Members of the Reform League and others on Mr. Hare's Scheme of Representation* (Henderson, Rait, & Fenton);—*The Divine Indwelling*, by H. P. Liddon;—*The Work and Prospects of Theological Colleges*, by H. P. Liddon (Rivingtons);—*Sermons, Occasional and Parochial*, Parts VII. and VIII. (Parker);—*Education and Emigration* (Hodder & Stoughton);—*The Pure Delight*, by John Henry (Richard);—*Extracts from the Report of the Directors of the Provident Life Office upon the Tenth Declaration of Bonus* (Provident Life Office);—*the Bookseller* (Warwick-square);—*the Publishers' Circular* (S. Low & Co.);—*the Artizan* (Salisbury-street);—*the Gardeners' Magazine* (Allen).

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Anstey (Rev. H.), *Munimenta Academica*. Part I. 2 vols. Royal 8vo., 20s.
 Ashe (J.), *Medical Education and Medical Interests*. Fcap., 4s.
 Barnard (G.), *Studies of Trees*. Folio, £2. 12s. 6d.
 Birch (S. B.), *On Constipated Bowels*. 3rd edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Bishop (J.), *Management of Fresh-Water Aquaria*. 14th edit. Fcap., 1s.
 British India Classics. Edited by W. J. Jeaffreson.—*Scott's Lady of the Lake*. Books I. and II. Fcap., 2s.
 Cobbett (W.), *English Grammar*. New edit. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 Collins (Wilkie), *The Moonstone*. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Cycle (The). By J. E. W. Cr. 8vo., 3s.
 Dallas (W. S.), *Natural History of the Animal Kingdom*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 8s. 6d.
 De Pressensé (E.), *Jesus Christ: His Times, Life, and Work*. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 9s.
 Enquire Within upon Everything. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Evanson (T.), *Nature and Art: a Poem*. Cr. 8vo., 9s.
 Farrar (F. W.), *The Fall of Man, and other Sermons*. Fcap., 6s.
 Ferguson (Rev. F.), *Things New and Old: Discourses*. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Fowler (Rev. F. W.), *Sermons Preached in Salisbury Cathedral*. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Fowler (J. C.), *On Milford Haven as a Commercial Port*. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
 Fragments of a Journal saved from Shipwreck. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Fraser (R. W.), *Seaside Naturalist*. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Handyside (A.) & Co., *Works in Iron*. Oblong, 2s. 6d.; or 15s. with Photographs.
 Hilton (A. D.), *Aids to Parochial Visitation*. 5th edit. Oblong, 1s.
 Homilist (The). 4th series. Vol. I. Cr. 8vo., 5s. 6d.
 Horne (Bishop), *Introduction to the Study of the Bible*. 11th edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Illustrated Catalogue of Paris Exhibition, 1867. Royal 4to., 21s.
 Jones (Rev. A.), *Twenty Sermons*. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Kitchener (J. E.), *Geometrical Note Book*. 4to., 2s.
 Kynwith. By R. B. Holt. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Leigh (C. A.), *A Homeward Ride, and other Poems*. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Lessing's Nathan the Wise. Translated by W. Taylor and E. Galotti. 16mo., 2s.
 Lockyer (J. N.), *Elementary Lessons in Astronomy*. 18mo., 5s. 6d.
 Lynch (T. T.), *The Rivulet*. 3rd edit. 16mo., 3s. 6d.
 Mapother (E. D.), *The Medical Profession and its Educational Bodies*. Fcap., 5s.
 Mill (J. S.), *System of Logic*. 7th edit. 2 vols. 8vo., £1. 5s.
 Mrs. Brown at the Seaside. By A. Sketchley. Fcap., 1s.
 Paxton (J. P.), *Botanical Dictionary*. New edit. 8vo., 25s.
 Purton (Rev. W. O.), *Trust in Trial*. 2nd edit. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 Reimann (M.), *On Aniline and its Derivatives*. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Reid (Captain M.), *The Child Wife*. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Reynolds (E. M.), *Modern Methods in Elementary Geometry*. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Riddle (Mrs. J. H.), *George Geith of Fen Court*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Robinson (E.), *Greek and English Lexicon to the New Testament*. New edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Schinzel (E.), *German Preparatory Course*. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 Shakespearean Gems, in French and English Settings. By M. de Chatelet. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Shaw (T. H.), *Serving Jesus; or, The Crosses of Children Explained*. Fcap., 5s.
 Spurgeon (C. H.), *Evening by Evening: Readings for Eventides*. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Story (The), of Mairwara; or, Our Rule in India. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Temple Bar. Vol. XXIII. 8vo., 5s. 6d.
 Thomas (E.), *Early Sassanian Inscriptions on Seals and Coins*. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 ——— (Rev. D.), *A Biblical Liturgy*. 7th edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s.
 Telling (J. F.), *An Evangelist's Tour round India*. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Urtin (R. D.), *Law of Trustees*. 3rd edit. 12mo., 12s.
 Walker (Geoffrey), *Passages in the Life of Time, Faith, and Energy*. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Wanklyn (J. A.), and Chapman (E. T.), *Water Analysis*. 12mo., 5s.
 Winslow (Forbes), *Obscure Diseases of the Brain*. 4th edit. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 ——— (Rev. O.), *The Tree of Life*. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Yonge (Miss), *New Ground*. 18mo., 3s.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS

IN
THE LONDON REVIEW.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

	£.	s.	d.
Four Lines (Ten words to a line)	0	2	6
Every additional Line	0	0	6
Per Column	4	0	0
„ Page	7	7	0

A liberal Reduction is made upon Advertisements given for a series of Insertions.

Books and Advertisements displayed are charged according to the space they occupy.

All Advertisements must be sent to the Office before 5 o'clock, p.m., on the Thursday preceding publication.

Subscribers are supplied direct from the Office, on payment in advance, at 21s. per annum; 10s. 6d. per half-year.

Post-Office Orders to be made payable to ISAAC SEAMAN, at the Strand Office, W.C.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—
Last Week but Two of the Season.

Mdlle. Adelina Patti; Signor Mario.—On Saturday, July 11, Rossini's Opera, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA. Rossini, Mdlle. Adelina Patti; and Almaviva, Signor Mario.

Last Week but One.—Six Performances.

Extra Night.—On Monday next, July 13 (for the last time this season), Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, L'AFRICAIN.

On Tuesday next, July 14 (last time this season), Gounod's Opera, ROMEO E GIULIETTA.

Extra Night.—On Wednesday next, July 15 (last time this season), Verdi's Opera, RIGOLETTO. After which will be given the Grand Cloister Scene from ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO, including the Ballet and Resuscitation of the Nuns.

Extra Night.—On Thursday next, July 16 (last time this season), Bellini's Opera, LA SONNAMBULA.

Extra Night.—On Friday, July 17 (last time this season), Gounod's Opera, FAUST E MARGHERITA.

On Saturday, July 18, a Favourite Opera.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—THEATRE ROYAL
DRURY LANE.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.—Saturday, July 11, Gounod's Opera, FAUST. (The scenery by Mr. William Beverley.) Mesdames Christine Nilsson, Trebelli-Bettini, Corsi; Signori Ferens, Santley, Gassier, Casaboni.

Last Week of the Subscription Season.

Benefit of Signor Mongini.—Monday next, July 13 (last time), Verdi's Opera, IL TROVATORE. Titens, Trebelli-Bettini; Santley, Foli, Mongini.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.—Tuesday next, July 14 (last time), Donizetti's Opera, LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR. Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Mdlle. Corsi; Signori Mongini, Santley, Fiorini, Agretti, Casaboni.

Mr. Mapleson's Benefit, at the Crystal Palace, on Wednesday next, the 15th July, supported by the whole strength of Her Majesty's Opera.

Thursday next, July 16, a Favourite Opera.

Saturday, July 18, production of IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

Notice.—In rehearsal, LOHENGRIN, by Richard Wagner.

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.—Last week of

Mr. Sothorn's engagement, of A HERO OF ROMANCE, and of the Leap from the Tower of Eifen. On Saturday, July 11th, Mr. Sothorn's Benefit. At 7, A HERO OF ROMANCE. After which, A REGULAR FIX: Hugh de Brass, Mr. Sothorn, positively his last night but three.

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.—At 7, TOM THRASHER:

Mr. G. Belmore, J. G. Taylor; Miss M. Harris, and Miss Nelly Harris at a quarter to 8, A BACHELOR OF ARTS: Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. G. Belmore, Mr. C. H. Stephenson, Mr. Ashley; Miss H. Harris, Miss Nelly Harris, and Miss L. Grey. And IF I HAD A THOUSAND A YEAR: Messrs. C. Mathews, Ashley, &c.; Mrs. Billington and Miss L. Moore.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—A GHOST IN SPIKE OF

HIMSELF: Mr. Dominick Murray. After which, RUTH: Messrs. J. G. Shore, Maclean, B. Potter, B. Ellis, Cathcart, Gresham, and Orellin; Mesdames Trissay Marston, Emma Barnett, Kemp, Mrs. Graham, Miss Kate Saville. With THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—GRAND DUCHESS:

Mesdames Howard Paul, Augusta Thompson, and La Ferte; Messrs. Henri Drayton, Stoye, Frank Matthews, Odell, W. H., Fred., and Harry Payne, and Wilford Morgan.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—FRENCH PLAYS.—LA

GRANDE DUCHESSE DE GEROLSTEIN; Mons. Duplar, M. Beckers; Mdlle. Schneider, Mdlles. Gherzi, Baltus, Valentine, &c.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—SISTERLY SERVICE:

Messrs. Belford, Harcourt; Miss Sheridan. THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD: Messrs. Thorne, James, Robson, Fenton; Mesdames Lydia Thompson, Sheridan, Hughes, Holt. MARRIAGE AT ANY PRICE.

QUEEN'S THEATRE, Long Acre.—MARY JONES. At

a quarter to 8, TIME AND THE HOUR: Messrs. Wigan, Stephens, Orellin, G. Murray, J. Clayton, L. Brough, and J. L. Toole. To conclude with, at a quarter to 10, FOWL PLAY; or, A Story of Chikkin Hazard; Messrs. L. Brough, G. Murray, Sanger, Howard, Wyndham, Stephens, and J. L. Toole; Mesdames Farren and H. Hodson.

THEATRE ROYAL HOLBORN.—FOUL PLAY: Messrs.

Parselle, Price, G. Neville, J. Irving, Moreland, M'Intyre; Misses Emrade and Fanny Josephs. Preceded by, at 7.30, WHO'S TO WIN HIM? To conclude with the RENDEZVOUS: Mr. H. Cox.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE.—DADDY GRAY: MESSRS.

Dewar, Danvers, Day, Russell; Miss Addison, and Miss M. Oliver. At 9, MERRY ZINGARA, by Mr. Gilbert: Messrs. Dewar and Danvers; Mesdames C. Saunders, Collinson, and M. Oliver. And THE CLOCKMAKER'S MAT: Miss C. Saunders.

PRINCE of WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.—The Great Comedy, CAST: Messrs. George Honey, Hare, H. J. Montague, and Bancroft; Mesdames Lydia Foote, Larkin, and Blanche Wilton. Preceded by A SILENT PROTECTOR: Messrs. Hare, Montgomery; Miss Lydia Foote.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE and CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—

THE CHINESE FAIR: or, Eastern Festival. Scenes in the Arena. Mdlle. Azella, the Female Leopard; M. Agouste, the Champion Equilibrist; Mr. Samwell's highly-trained Dogs; M. Eugene; M. Maitrejean; and Mdlles. Gaertner, Kenebel, and Ethair. Commence at 8.

CHRISTY MINSTRELS, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, every

evening at 8, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3 and 8, all the year round. The only acknowledged Ethiopian company in England, the far-famed Christy Minstrels, now comprising 31 performers of known eminence and position. Fauteuils 5s.; stalls, 3s.; arena, 2s.; gallery, 1s. Juveniles under 12 years of age, half price to stalls and arena. Children in arms not admitted. Doors open at 2.30 for the day performance; at 7.30 for the evening ditto. Tickets and places at the Hall, from 11 till 7 daily; Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; Keith and Prowse's, Cheapside. Manager, Mr. FREDERICK BURGESS.

INSURANCE COMPANIES, &c.

LIFE ASSURANCE.—The accumulated and invested Funds of the STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY and its annual revenue now amount to—

Accumulated Fund	£3,900,000
Annual Revenue	£700,000

The profits of the Company have been divided on seven occasions since 1825, when the Company was established, and on each occasion large and important benefits have been given to the assured.

A prospectus, containing very full information as to the Company's principles and practice, will be forwarded on application.

Agencies in every town of importance throughout the kingdom.

Agencies in India and the Colonies, where premiums can be received and claims settled.

H. JONES WILLIAMS, Gen. Sec. for England, 82, King William-st., E.C.

S. R. FERGUSON, Res. Sec., West-end office, 3, Pall Mall East.

EDINBURGH—3, George-street (H.O.) DUBLIN—66, Upper Sackville-street.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

INSTITUTED 1820.

The Security of a Subscribed Capital of £750,000, and an Assurance Fund amounting to more than seven years' purchase of the total Annual Income.

Eighty per cent. of the Profits divided among the Assured every Fifth Year.

Assurances of all kinds, Without Profits, at considerably Reduced Rates.

Policies granted at very Low Rates of Premium for the First Five Years.

The most Liberal Conditions in respect of Foreign Residence and Travel, Revival of Lapsed Policies, and Surrender Values.

Whole World Licences, free of charge, when the circumstances are favourable.

Endowments for Children.

Annuities—Immediate, Deferred, or Reversionary.

Notices of Assignment registered and acknowledged without a fee.

The revised Prospectus, with full particulars and tables, to be obtained at the Company's Offices in London, 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 16, Pall Mall, S.W.; and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

1, OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17, PALL MALL, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1803.

Subscribed and Invested Capital £1,000,000. Losses paid £3,000,000.

Fire Insurances Granted on every description of Property, at home and abroad, at moderate rates.

Claims liberally and promptly settled.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

HAND-IN-HAND FIRE AND LIFE MUTUAL
INSURANCE OFFICE,

1, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, E.C.

The OLDEST Office in the Kingdom. Instituted for Fire Business, A.D. 1696. Extended to Life, 1836.

The WHOLE of the PROFITS divided yearly amongst the Members.

Returns for 1868.

Fire Department.—66 per Cent. of the Premiums paid on First Class Risks.

Life Department.—55 per Cent. of the Premiums on all Policies of above 5 years, standing.

Accumulated Capital (25th Dec., 1867), £1,191,968.

The Directors are willing to appoint as Agents persons of good position and character.

WHY PAY RENT?

THE ARTIZANS', LABOURERS', and GENERAL
DWELLINGS COMPANY (Limited).

Capital £250,000, in 25,000 Shares of £10 each.

Deposit, 10s. per Share on application, and 10s. on allotment.

PRESIDENT.—The DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

ARBITRATORS.

The Right Hon. Earl of Shaftes-

bury, K.G.

The Right Hon. Earl of Lich-

field.

Lord Elcho, M.P.

Mr. William Thompson.

Mr. David M'Gregor.

Mr. James Fletcher.

BANKERS.—National Bank (Charing Cross).

SECRETARY.—Mr. William Swindlehurst.

CHIEF OFFICES.—147, Strand, London, W.C.

This Company is specially formed to assist the working classes to obtain improved dwellings from the best designs, at the lowest possible cost, upon the co-operative principle.

THE PURCHASE OF A HOUSE.—See Prospectus.

No Solicitor's or Surveyor's Fees are charged. A Fixed Rate of Interest of 5 per cent. is charged upon Purchase-money upon the Property erected by the Company.

No Beer-shop, Inn, or Tavern shall at any time be erected on any property of the Company.

Profits realized on first year's business, 7½ per cent. on Share Capital. Bonus 40 per cent. upon labour.

Deposits received. Five per cent. guaranteed.

Further information may be obtained at the Office. Prospectuses sent by the Secretary on receipt of a letter enclosing a postage stamp.

ACTIVE AGENTS WANTED.

THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

HEAD OFFICE, No. 9, ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

PERSONS INTENDING TO INSURE THEIR LIVES

Should, in selecting an Office for the purpose, be careful to obtain distinct and complete evidence upon the points of Security and Profitableness, and information as ample as that usually required from other financial undertakings presenting themselves as mediums of investment. The exceptionally abstruse character of Life Assurance Finance renders such a precaution all the more reasonable and necessary. The following contains such evidence as far as the Scottish Widows' Fund is concerned.

BALANCE SHEET.

Embracing a valuation of the policy liabilities by the Carlisle £3 per cent. tables for the seven years ending December 31, 1866.

LIABILITIES.

Value of Sums assured, amounting to £13,527,003.....	£7,658,109	9	6
Value of Annuities for £9,801 (interest £3½ per cent.).....	74,206	15	8
Value of Loading on Paid-up Premiums	11,686	12	0
	£7,744,002	17	2
Deduct Value of Net Premiums (gross £376,387, less loading £79,547), amounting to £296,840 per annum....	4,087,795	14	0
	£3,656,207	3	2
Claims under Policies not due, and outstanding accounts	227,977	11	4
Balance of Surplus Fund at 31st December, 1866, being total profit for the seven years.....	£834,183	10	1
Less—portion due to Members who died during the seven years	118,395	13	2
	715,787	16	11
	£4,599,972	11	5

ASSETS.

First Landed Securities	£2,992,985	19	11
Railway Debentures	398,826	15	8
Annuities and Reversions	381,410	19	11
Loans on Members' Policies.....	530,175	10	11
Government Annuities	48,431	13	1
House Property and Ground Rents	24,831	13	7
Office Furniture	1,388	7	4
Premiums, &c., on which days of grace are current, and interest on investments from last payment	176,995	10	0
Cash Balance:			
In Bank	£46,697	4	3
In Office	228	16	9
	46,926	1	0
	£4,599,972	11	5

THE NET REALIZED FUND NOW EXCEEDS £4,600,000, AND IS THE LARGEST LIFE ASSURANCE FUND IN GREAT BRITAIN.

VALUE OF THE MUTUAL SYSTEM.

Under this system the whole profits are divided among the policy-holders, and are not participated in by shareholders, as in the proprietary life offices. With the view of conveying a definite idea of the value of the Society's mutual system, the following illustration is given of its actual money-worth to its own policy-holders. As shown above, the amount realised during the seven years ending 31st December, 1866, amounted to no less than £834,183. 10s. 1d. Had the Society been a proprietary company, from a tenth to a third—more probably a fifth—of this large sum would have been paid away to shareholders. Under the proprietary system, therefore,

THE LOSS TO ITS POLICY-HOLDERS

Would have been

Allowing one-tenth of the profits to Shareholders.....	£83,418
Allowing one-fifth (the most usual proportion)	166,836
Allowing one-fourth	208,546
Allowing one-third	278,061

Such being the amounts, under different views, saved to Policy-holders merely by the mutual system during the short period of seven years, it is evident that during an average lifetime the savings must, in the aggregate, amount to an enormous sum.

MAGNITUDE OF THE BONUSES.

Nothing can be more misleading as to the real bonus-yielding power of a Life Assurance Office than the fact of publishing a few selected instances in which large bonuses have accrued under exceptional circumstances. Accordingly, the results under policies of all durations are fully stated in the Society's Prospectus. Important as such complete information regarding all existing Assurances is, a statement of the Bonuses actually paid at death will probably have more practical significance. During last year the following amounts were paid to representatives of deceased members:—

Sums assured under Bonus Policies.....	£237,009
Bonuses thereon.....	94,873
Sums assured under non-Bonus Policies.....	5,400

Total claims for 1867..... £337,282

On many of these Policies the Bonuses approached, and even exceeded, the original sums assured, while on the whole policies, young and old,

THE AVERAGE BONUS WAS £40 PER CENT. ON THE SUMS ASSURED.

Besides this, a considerable amount of Bonus was paid on surrender to many of the assured during life. It is believed that since the Society was founded in 1815,

No other Life Office has paid Bonuses of Greater Amount.

SUMMARY.

The Directors submit the above information as a statement of the grounds on which they ask prudent and thoughtful men to consider whether they may not, with the highest measure of advantage to themselves and their families, confide to the Scottish Widows' Fund the important trust involved in Life Assurance.

By order, SAMUEL RALEIGH, Manager.
J. J. P. ANDERSON, Secretary.

Head Office—9, St. Andrew-square, Edinburgh, June, 1868.
London Office—4, Royal Exchange-buildings, Cornhill.

HONORARY BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

George Young, Esq., Mark-lane.
Charles E. Pollock, Esq., Q.C.
J. Murray, Esq., Publisher, Albemarle-street.
Samuel Laing, Esq., M.P.
J. Anderson, Esq., Q.C., Lincoln's-inn.
The Rev. Alfred Povah, M.A., St. Olave's Rectory, Hart-street.
James Watney, Esq. (Messrs. Elliot, Watney, & Co.)
Joseph J. Welch, Esq. (Messrs. Welch, Margeson, & Co.)
Captain William Pigott, Trinity House.
Michael Wills, Esq., Lloyd's.

HUGH M'KEAN, Chief Agent.

SOVEREIGN LIFE OFFICE, 48, St. James's-street, S.W.;
110, Cannon-street, E.C.

ADVANCES ON Real and Personal Security to Residents in and near London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—The next ANNUAL MEETING will be held at NORWICH, on Wednesday, August 19, and the following days. President—J. D. HOOKER, M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c.

Notices of Papers proposed to be read at the Meeting should be sent to G. GRIFFITH, M.A., Assistant General Secretary, 1, Woodside, Harrow.

Information respecting the Local Arrangements may be obtained from the Local Secretaries, Norwich.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY. — SEASIDE. — MONTHLY and WEEKLY RETURN TICKETS are issued at Reduced Fares to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Aldborough, Harwich, Dovercourt, Walton-on-the-Naze, and Hunstanton.

Special Excursion Train to Harwich, Dovercourt, and Walton-on-the-Naze, every Sunday, at 9.0 a.m.; and every Monday at 8.30 a.m. Fares 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 3s.

Broxbourne and Rye House every Sunday at 10.0 a.m.; and every Monday at 9.30 and 10.30 a.m. Fares 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d.

Epping Forest—Woodford, Buckhurst-hill, or Loughton—every Sunday and Monday. Fares, 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s.

For further particulars see Handbills and Time-books.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

TO ENGINEERS AND OTHERS.—Surveys, Levels, and Plans of Railway and other works, for Parliamentary or permanent purposes, undertaken by Messrs. HOOPER & CORPE, Surveyors, 172, Fleet-street, E.C.

ROYAL HOSPITAL for INCURABLES, West Hill, Putney
Heath, S.W. Instituted 1854.

This Charity was established to relieve and cherish, during the remainder of life, persons above the pauper class, disqualified by hopeless disease for the duties of life.

Relief is of two kinds—1st, a home for life; 2nd, a pension of £20 a year for life. Forms of application may be obtained at the office.

Subscriptions and donations for general purposes, and for the building, are earnestly solicited.

Information will be supplied at the office, 10, Poultry, or on application to

FREDERIC ANDREW, Secretary.

NORTH LONDON OR UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
HOSPITAL, Gower-street.—Accidents and Sickness.—CONTRIBUTIONS

in aid of the Building Fund, and to meet the expenses of the current year, will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Sir Francis H. Goldsmid, Bart.; by the Secretary; and by Mr. J. W. Goodill, Clerk to the Committee at the Hospital.

By direction of Committee,

H. J. KELLY, R.N., Secretary.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION, Brompton, S.W.—This Hospital accommodates 210 in-patients, and constantly affords relief to some thousands of out-patients. 20 patients are also received at the Home, Manor House, Chelsea. Continuous support is required and solicited in aid of this useful Charity, which is dependent on voluntary contributions, and receives patients from all parts of the kingdom.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.
HENRY DOBBIN, Sec.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, West Strand, W.C.—This Hospital is situated in a central and densely-populated part of the metropolis. During its existence it has relieved 74,334 cases of accident and emergency.

Its present yearly average number of patients is upwards of 20,000; and it should not be lost sight of by the public that the blessings which the Institution dispenses are not limited by the numbers actually relieved, as at least four times that number are soled, and saved from privation.

The welfare and even existence of families are so bound up in the fate of most of the patients, that there is no calculating the amount of good which Charing Cross Hospital annually effects.

The applications for relief which necessitate surgical operations, nursing, and the dispensing of medicines are daily increasing, but the funds of the Charity are in so languishing a condition, that the Committee of Management, with all their care and economy, are unable to keep the Hospital out of debt.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are thankfully received by the Secretary, at the Hospital; by Messrs. Coutts and Co., 59, Strand; Messrs. Drummond, 49, Charing Cross; and Messrs. Hoare, 37, Fleet-street.

HENRY WOOLCOTT, Secretary.

WESTERN DISPENSARY for DISEASES of the SKIN,
17, Duke-street, Manchester-square; instituted in 1851, for the cure of chronic eruptions, baldness, and other morbid conditions of the skin, hair, and nails.

President—The Rev. Canon DALE, M.A., St. Paul's.

Treasurer—William Harvey, Esq., Soho-square.

Bankers—London and Westminster (Bloomsbury) Branch.

Surgeon—Thomas Hunt, Esq., F.R.C.S., 6, Hinde-street, Manchester-square.

Attendance daily, from 9 to 10. Patients must procure a ticket from a Governor, or pay 1s. a week or upwards.

CLERGY ORPHAN SCHOOLS:
Boys' School—St. Thomas's Hill, Canterbury.

Girls' School—St. John's Wood, Marylebone.

2,052 children have been gratuitously educated, maintained, and clothed in these schools since 1749.

180 children are in them at present.

At the election in November only 13 of the 40 candidates could be admitted, because the income did not justify the Committee in increasing the numbers.

On May 27th Ten Boys and Eight Girls will be elected. Candidates should be nominated immediately. Forms of petition can be had at the office.

The Committee earnestly APPEAL for support from the members of the Church of England, that they may fill the schools, which contain accommodation for 200 orphans.

Clergymen are specially requested to set apart some Sunday in the year in which the strong claims of the Schools may be brought before their congregations.

An annual subscription of £1. 1s. or a life donation of £10. 10s. gives a vote at every election. Contributions may be paid to the Rev. Dr. Currey, Charterhouse, E.C., Treasurer; or to

J. RUSSELL STOCK, M.A., Secretary.

BANKERS—Messrs. Drummond.

Office, 63, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

ROYAL SCHOOL for DAUGHTERS of OFFICERS of the ARMY.—The FIFTH ELECTION of PUPILS will take place early in December next. All applications for admission must be sent in on or before Saturday, the 3rd October.

The many pressing applications for admission to the School compel the Committee to APPEAL to the public for further contributions.

Each contributor of five guineas is entitled to one life vote, and each annual subscriber to one vote for every half-guinea.

Members are solicited to forward their subscriptions now due for this year, and payment of the same will entitle them to vote at all elections during the current year. The amount may be forwarded by an order on a bank, agent, or post-office (Charing Cross), payable to

G. W. FORSTER, Under-Secretary.

Offices, 22, Cockspur-street, London.

ANNUAL SALE NOW ON. REGENT HOUSE,

238, 240, 242, REGENT STREET, and 26 and 27, ARGYLL STREET.

ALLISON & CO. beg respectfully to call the attention of their numerous patrons to their customary SALE at the close of the season, when they will be prepared to show in every department some unusually cheap goods. The Sale commenced the 29th ult., and will continue throughout the month of July.

REGENT HOUSE, 238, 240, 242, REGENT STREET, and 26 and 27, ARGYLL STREET.

ROYAL SCOTCH WAREHOUSE, LONDON.

SCOTT ADIE'S NEW SUMMER LINSEY WOOLSEYS

For LADIES' WALKING DRESSES and PETTICOATS are now on view in the greatest choice for the Season; also those woven in his handlooms, for which he is so celebrated, suited for travelling, sea voyages, and cold climates.

Scotch Serges, Shetland Shawls, Veils, and Hosiery, Rugs, and Plaids, Ladies' Tartan Cachmere Dresses, and Shawls in all the Clans.

BOYS' HIGHLAND SUITS IN ALL THE TARTANS MADE TO ORDER.

SCOTT ADIE, 115, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

ENTRANCE AT THE CORNER OF VIGO STREET ONLY.

BATHS and TOILETTE WARE.—WILLIAM S. BURTON has ONE LARGE SHOW-ROOM devoted exclusively to the display of BATHS and TOILETTE WARE. The stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his establishment the most distinguished in this country. Portable Showers, 7s. 6d.; Pillar Showers, £3 to £5. 12s.; Nursery, 15s. to 32s.; Sponging, 9s. 6d. to 32s.; Hip, 13s. 3d. to 31s. 6d. A large assortment of Gas Furnace, Hot and Cold, Plunge, Vapour, and Camp Shower-baths. Toilette Ware in great variety, from 15s. 6d. to 45s. the set of three.

THE BEST SHOW of IRON BEDSTEADS in the Kingdom is WILLIAM S. BURTON'S.—He has Four Large Rooms devoted to the exclusive show of Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Children's Cots, with appropriate Bedding and Bed-hangings. Portable Folding Bedsteads, from 11s.; Patent Iron Bedsteads, fitted with dovetail joints and patent sacking, from 14s. 6d.; and Cots, from 15s. 6d. each; handsome ornamental Iron and Brass Bedsteads, in great variety, from £2. 13s. 6d. to £20.

WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGER, by appointment to H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, sends a CATALOGUE gratis and post free. It contains upwards of 700 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock of

Sterling Silver and Electro Plate,
Nickel Silver and
Britannia Metal Goods,
Dish Covers, Hot-water Dishes,
Stoves and Fenders,

Marble Chimney-pieces,
Kitchen Ranges,
Lamps, Gaseliers,
Tea Trays,

Urns and Kettles,
Table Cutlery,
Clocks and Candelabra,
Baths and Toilet Ware,

Iron and Brass Bedsteads,
Bedding and Bed-hangings,
Bedroom Cabinet Furniture,
Turnery Goods, &c.,

With List of Prices, and Plans of the Twenty large Show-rooms, at

39, OXFORD STREET, W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4, NEWMAN STREET; 4, 5, and 6, PERRY'S PLACE; and 1, NEWMAN YARD, LONDON.

BROWN AND POLSON'S

CORN FLOUR
for
Children's diet.

BROWN AND POLSON'S

CORN FLOUR
to thicken
Sauces.

CAUTION.

To obtain extra profit by the sale, other qualities are sometimes audaciously substituted instead of

BROWN AND POLSON'S.

SAUCE.—LEA & PERRINS' WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

This delicious condiment, pronounced by Connoisseurs "THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE," is prepared solely by LEA & PERRINS. The Public are respectfully cautioned against worthless imitations, and should see that LEA & PERRINS' names are on Wrapper, Label, Bottle, and Stopper.

ASK FOR LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

* * Sold Wholesale and for Export, by the Proprietors, Worcester; Messrs. CROSSE & BLACKWELL, Messrs. BARCLAY & SONS, London, &c. &c., and by Grocers and Oilmen universally.

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE! AGUA AMARELLA

Restores the Human Hair to its pristine hue, no matter at what age.

MESSRS. JOHN GOSNELL & CO.

have at length, with the aid of one of the most eminent Chemists, succeeded in perfecting this wonderful liquid. It is now offered to the Public in a more concentrated form, and at a lower price.

Sold in Bottles 3s. each, also 5s., 7s. 6d., or 15s. each, with brush.

Red Bull Wharf, Angel-passage, 93, Upper Thames-street, London, E.C.

J. GOSNELL AND CO'S CHERRY TOOTH PASTE

is greatly superior to any Tooth Powder, gives the teeth a pearl like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO'S Extra Highly Scented Toilet and Nursery Powder.

Red Bull Wharf, 93, Upper Thames-street, London, E.C.

BEWLAY'S celebrated Mild Smoking Mixture, emitting a delicious aroma, 10s. per pound.

BEWLAY'S ARMY MIXTURE, known in all the messes of the English army possessing a fine rich flavour, 8s. per pound.

BEWLAY'S LONDON BIRD'S-EYE, unequalled, 6s. per pound.

BEWLAY'S CIGARS can always be depended on as being well seasoned, and selected from the finest brands.

BEWLAY & CO., Cigar Importers to the Royal Family, 40, Strand, near Charing Cross Railway Station. Established 88 years.

PURE LIGHT WINES

FOR THE

SUMMER SEASON.

HEDGES & BUTLER

Solicit attention to their

St. Julien Claret	18s., 20s., 24s., and 30s. per doz.
White Bordeaux	24s., 30s., and 36s. "
Burgundy	24s., 30s., and 42s. "
Chablis	24s., 30s., 36s., and 48s. "
Hock and Moselle	24s., 30s., 36s., and 48s. "
Champagne	36s., 48s., 60s., and 66s. "
Sherry	24s., 30s., 36s., and 42s. "
Port from first-class Shippers	24s., 30s., 36s., and 42s. "

Hochheimer, Marcobrunner, Rudesheimer, Steinberg, Liebfraumilch, 60s.; Johannisberger and Steinberger, 72s., 84s., to 120s.; Braunberger, Grunhausen, and Scharzberg, 48s. to 84s.; sparkling Moselle, 48s., 60s., 66s., 78s.; very choice Champagne, 66s., 78s.; fine old Sack, Malmsey, Frontignac, Vermuth, Constantia, Lachrymæ Christi, Imperial Tokay, and other rare Wines.

Fine old Pale Cognac Brandy, 48s., 60s., and 72s. per dozen.

Foreign Liqueurs of every description.

On receipt of a post-office order, or reference, any quantity will be forwarded immediately by

HEDGES & BUTLER,

LONDON: 155, REGENT STREET, W.

Brighton: 30, King's-road.

(Originally Established A.D. 1667.)

DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1865.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—This celebrated old Irish Whisky gained the Dublin Prize Medal. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in Bottles, 3s. 8d., at the retail houses in London; by the Agents in the principal towns in England; or wholesale at 8, Great Windmill-street, London, W. Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

This invaluable Medicine has been in use for the last half century with the most unqualified success. They act upon the liver without mercury, and cleanse the stomach and bowels without weakening them, remove the causes that in different constitutions occasion giddiness and pains in the head, sickness at the stomach, fever, indigestion, influenza, rheumatism, or gout, and so ward off those attacks of disease that lead to so much suffering and expense.

Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—MEDICINE FOR THE SUMMER.

Diseases latent in the system throughout the spring will manifest themselves on the approach of warmer weather, unless the blood be freed from impurities, and the body generally from noxious matters. Holloway's Pills have long since established the highest reputation for the full and efficient manner in which they accomplish this purifying purpose. These excellent Pills reach every organ, pervade every tissue, and successfully grapple with all deleterious substances, either by neutralizing them or extruding them. Holloway's medicine promotes comfort, cheerfulness, health, and strength. The medicine is admirably adapted for the weak and delicate, whose frames are relaxed, whose nerves are unstrung, and whose digestions are upset alike by spring's variations and summer's heats.

THE SCIENTIFIC WONDER.

This Instrument has a clear magnifying power of 32,000 times, shows all kinds of Animalcules in Water, Circulation of the Blood, &c. &c., Adulteration of Food, Milk, &c., and is just the Microscope that every Surgeon, Dentist, Schoolmaster, Student, and Working Man should have.

It is pronounced by the Press (and all scientific men who have seen it), to be the best, cheapest, and most simple microscope ever invented.

It has twenty times the power of the Coddington or Stanhope Microscope, and is twice as good as the celebrated Rae Microscope (which has been awarded so many prize medals), as may be inferred from the following letter received from Mr. Rae himself.

Carlisle, Dec. 12th, 1867.

To Mr. M'ulloch, Philosophical Instrument Maker.

Sir,—Having seen some of your Diamond-Plate Lenses, I write to ask your terms for supplying me with the same per 20 gross, as I consider them superior to mine. Yours, &c., RAE & Co., Opticians, Carlisle.

I beg to inform the Public that I have no Agents anywhere, and all pretended Agents are imposters. The above instrument can only be had from me, in Birmingham. Those at a distance who care for instruction and amusement, can have it safe and free by sample post, with book of full instructions, on receipt of 32 Postage Stamps. Samples sent abroad two Stamps extra.

All persons wishing further particulars and testimonials, must send stamped and directed envelope.

ADDRESS:

A. M'ULLOCH,
PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENT MAKER,
No. 18, Blucher-street, Birmingham.

SEWING MACHINES.

W. F. THOMAS & CO.

These Machines were the first made and patented in England, and ever since 1846 have maintained their pre-eminence. They are adapted for MANUFACTURING and for DOMESTIC purposes, and range in prices from £5. 5s. upwards.

FOR FAMILY USE THEY ARE UNRIVALLED.

ALL LOCK STITCH. WORK ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES.

Catalogues and Samples of Work sent free by Post.

1, CHEAPSIDE, E.C., & REGENT CIRCUS, OXFORD ST.,
LONDON, W.

EDGINGTON'S GARDEN NETTING, the cheapest and most durable, 1d. per square yard, or in quantities of 250, 500, or 1,000 yards, carriage free.

EDGINGTON'S MARQUEES and GARDEN TENTS are the prettiest.

EDGINGTON'S MARQUEES for hire are the most handsome and capacious.

EDGINGTON'S RICK CLOTHS for 63 years have maintained their celebrity as the best.

HAYTHORNE'S AND WALLER'S NETTINGS,

Sample of material free on application.

Be particular—FREDERICK EDGINGTON & CO., 60 and 62, Old Kent-road, London, S.E. A liberal discount to the trade.

Peruvian guano and every other kind of artificial manure in stock.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE at DEANE'S IRONMONGERY AND FURNISHING WAREHOUSES.

Established A.D. 1700.

DEANE'S—Celebrated Table Cutlery, every variety of style and finish.
DEANE'S—Electro-plated Spoons and Forks, best manufacture.
DEANE'S—Electro-plate Tea and Coffee Sets, Liqueur Stands, Cruets, &c.
DEANE'S—Dish Covers and Hot-water Dishes. Covers, in sets, from 18s.
DEANE'S—Papier Maché Tea Trays, in sets, from 21s., newest patterns.
DEANE'S—Bronzed Tea and Coffee Urns, with patent improvements.
DEANE'S—Copper and Brass goods, Kettles, Stew and Preserving Pans.
DEANE'S—Moderator and Rock-Oil Lamps, a large and handsome stock.
DEANE'S—Domestic Baths for every purpose. Bath-rooms fitted complete.
DEANE'S—Fenders and Fire-irons, in all modern and approved patterns.
DEANE'S—Bedsteads in Iron and Brass. Bedding of Superior quality.
DEANE'S—Register Stoves, London-made Kitcheners, Ranges, &c.
DEANE'S—Cornices and Cornice-poles, a great variety of patterns.
DEANE'S—Tin and Japan Goods, Iron Ware, and Culinary Utensils.
DEANE'S—Turnery, Brushes, Mats, &c., strong and serviceable.
DEANE'S—Horticultural Tools, Lawn Mowers, Garden Rollers, &c.
DEANE'S—Gas Chandeliers, newly designed patterns.

New Illustrated Catalogue, with Priced Furnishing List, gratis and post-free.

DEANE & CO., 46, King William-street, LONDON BRIDGE.

PAINLESS AND PRACTICAL DENTISTRY, by Mr.

B. L. MOSELY, the Dentist, 312, Regent-street, exactly opposite the Polytechnic. Established 1820. The system of painless dentistry originated by Mr. B. L. Mosely, and now recognized by the medical faculty and the profession as one of the improvements of the age, can nowhere be obtained in such perfected success as at his only residence, 312, Regent-street. Advantages are: Perfect immunity from Pain—no operations—stumps and decayed teeth rendered useful—loose teeth and tender gums protected. Qualities: They never change colour or decay—in fit unerring—ease and comfort unsurpassed—detection impossible—the facial anatomy faithfully studied, and youthful appearance restored—mastication and articulation guaranteed. The *Times* of March 6th says, "There is no deception, and the good imitation becomes the next best thing to the original." Teeth from 5s. Sets five to thirty guineas. Consultation free. Only address, 312, Regent-street, exactly facing the Royal Polytechnic.

TEETH.—ALBERT & SON'S PAINLESS and SELF-

ADHESIVE TEETH are affixed without extracting the stumps.—At 40, Ludgate-hill, next to the church (where they have practised 27 years); and 6, Lowndes-terrace, Knightsbridge (opposite Albert-gate).

TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, and NEURALGIA.—

"SOZODONTA."—This wonderful specific cures instantaneously Toothache and Headache, and gives immediate relief in cases of Neuralgia, by simply drawing up the nostril a few drops of the essence. Sold in bottles from 1s. 1½d., wholesale and retail, by

Messrs. SANGER & SONS, 150, Oxford-street, and Mr. HODGES, the Proprietor, 97, Winchester-street, South Belgravia.

SCHWEPPE'S MALVERN SELTZER, prepared from the Malvern Water, so long celebrated for its purity. Every bottle is protected by a label having name and trade mark.—Manufactories, London, Liverpool, Derby, Bristol, Glasgow, Malvern.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—JOSEPH GILLOTT, METALLIC PEN MAKER to the QUEEN, begs to inform the commercial world, scholastic institutions, and the public generally, that, by a novel application of his unrivalled machinery for making steel pens, he has introduced a new series of his useful productions which, for excellence of temper, quality of material, and, above all, cheapness in price, must ensure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; they are put up in boxes containing one gross each, with label outside, and the facsimile of his signature.

Sold Retail by all Stationers and Booksellers. Merchants and Wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham-street, Birmingham; at 91, John-street, New York; and at 37, Gracechurch-street, London.

METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.—NOTICE.—

WILLING & CO., Contractors for the Bookstalls, Advertisements on the Railway Stations, in the First, Second, and Third Class Carriages, and on the back of the Passengers Tickets (100,000 per day).

NEW BOOKS AT MUDIE'S LIBRARY.

Fresh Copies of all the Best New Books continue to be added to MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY as the demand increases, and an ample supply is provided of all the principal Forthcoming Works as they appear.

First-Class Subscription, One Guinea per Annum.

Revised Lists are now ready, and will be forwarded on application.

CHEAP BOOKS AT MUDIE'S LIBRARY.

More than One Hundred Thousand Volumes of Surplus Copies of Recent Books, including a Large Selection of Works of the Best Authors, in Ornamental Bindings, adapted for Presents and Prizes, are on sale at MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

Revised Catalogues are now ready, and will be forwarded on application.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, NEW OXFORD STREET.

City Office: 4, King-street, Cheapside.

Sent post free for 18 Stamps.

NEW COMIC SONG,

"THE MAN WHO CAN'T KEEP STILL" By J. W. CHERRY. Sung nightly by Mr. J. H. STREED (The Cure).

London: JOHN SHEPHERD, 20, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row, E.C.; and all Music-sellers.

Indispensable for Tourists.

THE VADE MECUM OF FRENCH PHRASES, Money, Distances, &c. Comprising everything that is useful, and omitting all that is obsolete and superfluous. Waistcoat pocket size. One Shilling.

London: SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, and every Bookseller and Railway Stall.

READ THE

COLONIAL MAIL,

And send it to your Friends in the Colonies.

IT CONTAINS:

A SUMMARY OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF THE MONTH.
HOME, COLONIAL, AND CONTINENTAL NEWS.
REPORTS OF MEETINGS CONNECTED WITH COLONIAL SUBJECTS.
FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.
PRICE CURRENT.
LONDON STOCK AND SHARE LIST.
AND VARIOUS ARTICLES ON MATTERS OF COLONIAL AND GENERAL INTEREST.

Published on the 1st and 16th of every month, price 4d., or 10s. per annum, postage included, to all parts of the world.

OFFICES: 109, BISHOPSGATE STREET, LONDON.

PUBLIC OPINION,

EVERY SATURDAY,

PRICE TWOPENCE,

CONTAINS OPINIONS OF THE

English, American, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Colonial and Oriental Press, upon all Important Events.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Choice Miscellaneous Extracts from Magazines, Books, &c.

Religious, Legal, Medical, Statistical, Naval, Military, Scientific, and Commercial Notes.

Literary, Fine Arts, Musical, and Dramatic Intelligence for the Week. Original Correspondence, &c. &c.

32 Pages, well printed, invaluable for Home and Abroad.

Subscription, 13s. per Annum, post-free.

OFFICE: 11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C. Sold by all Booksellers and Newsagents.

Now ready, Fifth Edition, 2s.; by post for 25 stamps.

HAY FEVER, HAY ASTHMA, or SUMMER CATARRH By ABBOTTS SMITH, M.D., late Physician to the North London Consumption Hospital, &c.

"Sound and practical."—*Medical Times*.

London: H. RENSCHAW, 358, Strand.

Hay Fever, Hay Asthma, or Summer Catarrh.

NELSON'S OLFACTION D'ANTHOS is simple and pleasant in application, not poisonous, and leaves no bad effects whatsoever. In the primary or inflammatory state, accompanied with sneezing, the effect is really wonderful and lasting.

Price 2s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d. and 21s.; by post, 3s. 6d. and 6s. 6d. Samples containing sufficient for trials, 1s. 6d.

ARMBRECHT NELSON, CHEMIST, 24, Ryder-street, St. James's.

MESSRS. L. HACHETTE & CO.'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BOPP (François).

Grammaire comparée des langues indo-européennes, comprenant le sanscrit, le zend, l'arménien, le grec, le latin, le lithuanien, l'ancien slave, le gothique et l'allemand, traduite sur la deuxième édition et précédée d'une introduction par M. MICHEL BRÉAL, professeur de grammaire comparée au Collège de France. Tome II. 1 vol. grand in-8, 8 fr.

Purchasers of Vol. I. have to pay in advance for the fourth volume. The work is printed by the Imperial Printing Office, and will be completed in four volumes.

BAUDRY (F.)

Grammaire comparée des langues classiques, contenant la théorie élémentaire de la formation des mots en sanscrit, en grec et en latin, avec référence aux langues germaniques. Première partie; *Phonétique*. 1 vol. in-8, 6 fr.

DELAFOSSÉ (G.) membre de l'Institut.

Précis élémentaire d'Histoire naturelle. Dixième édition, contenant 378 figures intercalées dans le texte. 1 vol. in-18 Jésus de 787 pages, 6 fr.

* ARCHIAC (A. D'), membre de l'Institut.

Paléontologie de la France. 1 vol. grand in-8 de 726 pages, 30 fr.

* GEFFROY, ZELLER, et THIÉNOT.

Rapport sur Les Etudes historiques. 1 vol. grand in-8, 14 fr.

* RAVAISSON.

La Philosophie en France au dix-neuvième siècle. 1 vol. grand in-8, 10 fr.

* L. DE SACY, P. FÉVAL, TH. GAUTIER, et ÉD. THIERRY.

Rapport sur l'état des lettres en France. 1 vol. grand in-8, 8 fr.

* SCIENCES HISTORIQUES et PHILOLOGIQUES.

Progrès des Etudes relatives à l'Égypte et à l'Orient. 1 vol. grand in-8, 9 fr.

** This series has been undertaken by the French Government, and the most eminent men report here on the progress mankind has made in all the sciences. More than 20 different reports are now ready.*

Messrs. L. HACHETTE & CO. beg to call attention to their large Collection of Handbooks for travellers, mostly edited by Dr. Adolphe Joanne, in which nearly all countries are represented. Special Catalogues may be had on application. General Catalogues will be forwarded on receipt of four postage stamps. Messrs. HACHETTE & CO. receive daily parcels from Paris, and import all new Publications. Subscriptions to all Foreign Journals and Periodicals may be registered at their London House.

L. HACHETTE & CO. Paris: Boulevard Saint-Germain, No. 77.

London: 18, King William Street, Charing Cross. Leipzig: 3, Königs-Strasse.

VIVIEN DE SAINT-MARTIN.

L'Année géographique. Revue annuelle des voyages de terre et de mer ainsi que des explorations, missions, relations et publications diverses relatives aux sciences géographiques et ethnographiques. 7^e année (1868). 1 vol. 3 fr. 50 c.

The first volumes may be had separately at 3 fr. 50 c. each.

LITTRÉ (E.)

Dictionnaire de langue française, contenant la nomenclature la plus étendue, la prononciation et les difficultés grammaticales la signification des mots avec de nombreux exemples et les synonymes, l'histoire des mots depuis les premiers temps de la langue française jusqu'au xvi^e siècle et l'étymologie comparée, par E. LITTRÉ, membre de l'Institut de France. 2 vols. très-grands in quarto.

Completed in about 25 parts. Each part contains 160 pages, and sells at 3 fr. 50 c. 19 parts are out.

The manuscript of this great work is entirely finished, and nothing can hinder its completion.

* VIRGILE.

Œuvres de Virgile, texte latin, publié d'après les travaux les plus récents de la Philologie, avec un commentaire critique et explicatif, une introduction et une notice, par E. BENOIST, ancien élève de l'École normale, Docteur ès lettres. En vente: *Bucoliques et Géorgiques*, un volume grand in-8, 6 fr. Sous presse: *Énéide*.

* EURIPIDE.

Sept Tragédies d'Euripide, texte grec, recension nouvelle, avec un commentaire critique et explicatif, une introduction et des notes par HENRI WEIL, correspondant de l'Institut, professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Besançon. 1 vol. grand in-8, 12 fr.

* SOPHOCLE.

Les Tragédies de Sophocle, texte grec, publié d'après les travaux les plus récents de la philologie, avec un commentaire critique et explicatif, une introduction et une notice, par E. TOURNIER. Ouvrage couronné par l'Association pour l'encouragement des études grecques. 1 vol. grand in-8, 12 fr.

** Virgil's Bucolics, Euripides' and Sophocles' Tragedies begin a most handsome 8vo. series of Latin and Greek Classics, which critics pronounce to be the finest in existence. They are printed in a magnificent new and large type, on fine paper. In regard to cheapness, no other edition can compete with it.*

PALÆONTOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

The Twenty-first Volume, issued for the year 1867, containing—

1. The PLANTS of the CARBONIFEROUS STRATA. Part I., by Mr. E. W. Binney, with 6 Plates.
2. SUPPLEMENT to the FOSSIL CORALS. Part IV., No. 2 (Liassic), by Dr. Duncan, with 6 Plates.
3. The FOSSIL CRETACEOUS ECHINODERMATA, Vol. I. Part II., by Dr. Wright, with 14 Plates.
4. The FISHES of the OLD RED SANDSTONE. Part I., by Messrs. J. Powrie and E. Ray Lankester, with 5 Plates.
5. The PLEISTOCENE MAMMALIA. Part II., by Messrs. Boyd Dawkins and W. A. Sanford, with 14 Plates.

Is now ready.

The Annual Subscription is One Guinea. The back Volumes, describing three thousand species of British Fossils, illustrated by nine hundred quarto Plates, are in stock. Additional information, with lists of the Monographs completed and in course of publication, can be obtained on application to the Honorary Secretary, the Rev. THOMAS WILTSHIRE, M.A., F.G.S., 13, Granville Park, London, S.E.

LIVINGSTONE.

Ready early in July, with Map and Illustrations, cloth, 6s.

THE SEARCH AFTER LIVINGSTONE. By E. D. YOUNG. Revised by the Rev. H. WALLER, F.R.G.S. LETTS, SON, & CO.; SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO. And all Booksellers.

Just published, Demy 8vo., price 8s. 6d.

HISTORY of the INQUISITION. In every Country where its Tribunals have been established, from the Twelfth Century to the Present Time. By WILLIAM HARRIS RULE, D.D.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE, Castle-street, Finsbury; and Paternoster-row.

Parue le 1er Juillet, 1868. Prix 5 francs.

A la librairie Européenne de C. MUQUARDT, Bruxelles.

LA FOLLE DU LOGIS. Par le CHEVALIER de CHATELAIN.

A TRAVERS CHAMPS. Par le CHEVALIER de CHATELAIN.

1 vol. 400 pages. ROLANDI, 20, Berniers-street. Prix 4s.

"Throughout this volume there is not a word which could hurt the susceptibilities of the most prudish of readers."—*The Day*, 16th April, 1867.

"A Travers Champs is a rich contribution to our standard literature."—*Oxford University Herald*, 4th May, 1867.

Price Sixpence,

A NEW PROPOSAL for the GRADUAL CREATION of a FARMER PROPRIETARY in IRELAND. By H. D. DAVIES.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

JOURNAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.

No. LXXII., for July, price 2s.

CONTENTS.

MR. H. W. MANLY—On the Comparison of the Values of Policies as found by means of the various Tables of Mortality and the different Methods of Valuation in use among Actuaries.
Conditions of the Messenger Prize (1868).
MR. PETER GRAY—On the Construction of Tables by the Method of Differences. The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Institute of Actuaries. Correspondence.

London: CHARLES & EDWIN LAYTON, 159, Fleet-street;

Depot for Books on Assurance—Life, Fire, and Marine.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—Published Weekly, price 5d., stamped 6d.

HARDWICKE, 192, Piccadilly. RICHARDS, 37, Great Queen-street, W.C.

REPORTS on BABY FARMING are published from time to time in the *British Medical Journal*.

REPORTS on the PREVENTIBLE DISEASES of the INDUSTRIAL CLASSES appear frequently in the *British Medical Journal*.

REPORTS on the ADULTERATION of MILK and other ARTICLES of DIET, with Analysis, are prepared for the *British Medical Journal*.

THE TREATMENT of the SICK POOR in WORK-HOUSES, and the Proceedings of the POOR LAW BOARD, are illustrated weekly in the *British Medical Journal*.

FEVER in the MAURITIUS, the HEALTH of the ARMY in ABYSSINIA, and all Questions of PUBLIC HEALTH and SANITARY REFORM, are discussed by able Correspondents in the *British Medical Journal*.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL, published weekly, price 5d., stamped 6d., is taken at all the principal London Clubs.

Now ready, price 2s. 6d.

WHAT SHOULD WE DRINK? An Inquiry suggested by Mr. Beckwith's "Practical Notes on Wine." By JAMES L. DENMAN.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., Paternoster-row.

THE SHADE OF BYRON, and Other Poems. By VALENTINE VERITY. Edited by S. W. LEONARD.

ELLIOT, 475, Oxford-street.